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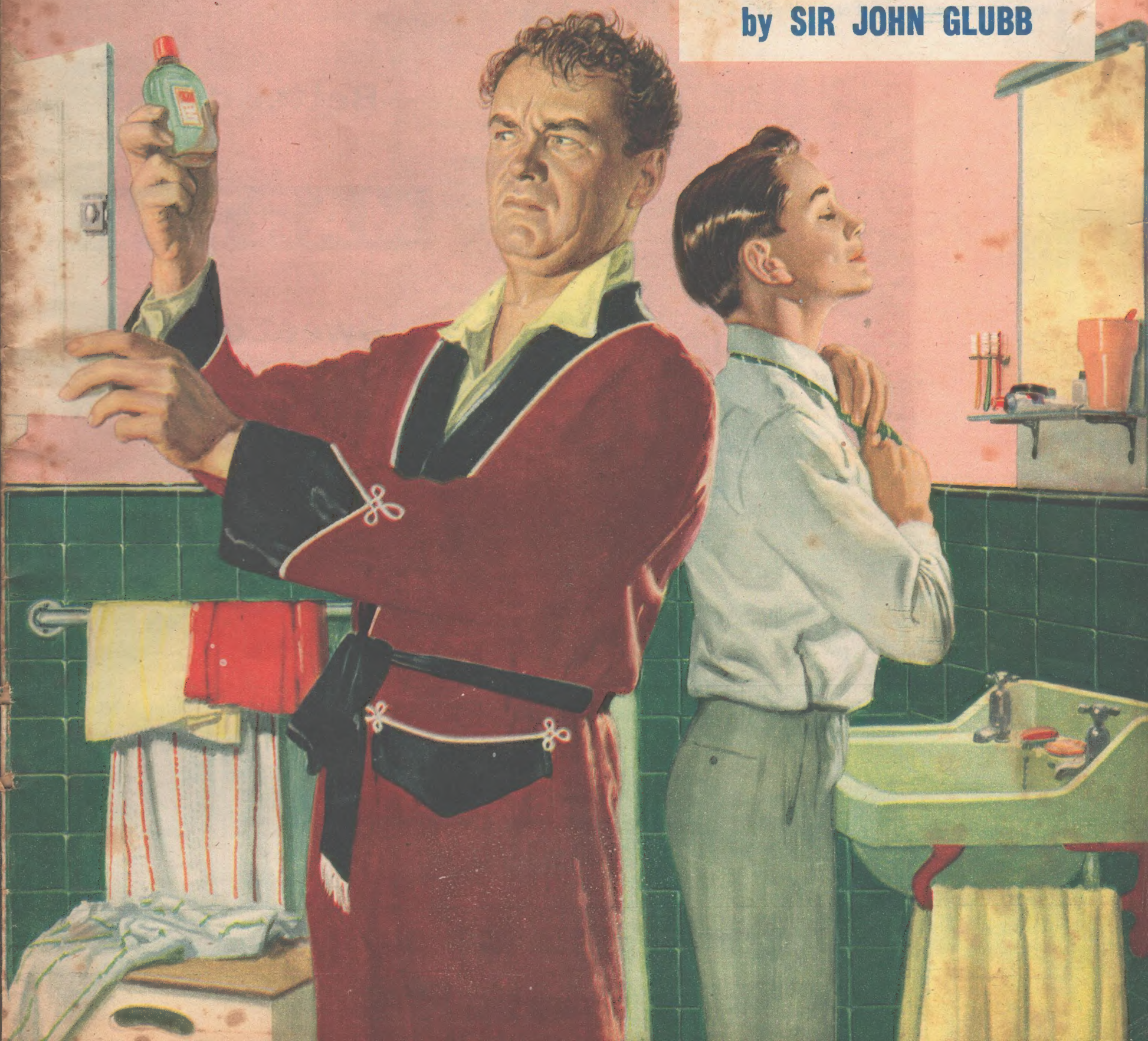
JOHN BULL

BEGINS INSIDE: The powerful new novel
of Mediterranean adventure and romance

Greek Fire

by WINSTON GRAHAM

A Soldier with the Arabs
by SIR JOHN GLUBB



Start young. That's the secret. At nine years old take command of a 15-ton eight-wheel Leyland Octopus (you stand on the pedals if your legs are short). At sixteen, fit a Ford-Ten engine into an Austin Seven and drive it smack through the vicar's hedge. At twenty-five, why sure...

... sure! ... you *might* be another Peter Collins, with thousands of excited fans rooting solidly for you at Rome, Rheims, Le Mans, Aintree ... And if, like the real Peter Collins, you managed to combine all that with a most natural, friendly charm and an instinct for discovering what's best in this world, you'd celebrate your biggest triumphs quietly with your delightful wife — and Martini. (Real Martini, from a real Martini bottle, Straight Martini; just by itself.) Are we right. Peter? Right!



Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry



JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 NOVEMBER 2, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2679

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



Winston Graham and Garrick miss each other's company

FOUR years ago, while he was on holiday in Turkey, Winston Graham decided to fly over to Athens for a few days. His object was "just to see the sights"—the marvels of ancient Greece. "But what I saw of modern Greece," he says, "was so fascinating that I couldn't leave." Days turned into weeks, and Graham has been living with his impressions ever since. The result of his visit is his latest novel, *Greek Fire*, whose first instalment begins on page 11.

In Athens Graham and his wife received a warm welcome in a society where drawing-room cocktail parties and gala performances at the theatre formed the basis of political and literary life. When they travelled through the Greek countryside they found a very different but equally friendly atmosphere. "We knew only a little Greek," he says. "But when you're jammed together in a tiny bus for sixty miles you can't help getting acquainted."

Greek Fire is Graham's fifth book to appear in JOHN BULL. Four of his novels have already been filmed. His relaxation, as well as the source of many of his story ideas, is travel. For six or eight weeks each year he roams the Continent, and now that his children, fifteen-year-old Andrew and eleven-year-old Rosamund, can go with him the whole family joins in the search for new plots.

Graham's only regret during those weeks is that he has to leave his Pyrenean mountain-dog Garrick behind at their home at Perranporth, in Cornwall. They miss that daily run on the beach—Graham as much as Garrick.

LIKE the storyteller in *The Bird Lover*, which begins on page 21, Neil Bell used to give money away to the "shiftless scamps" who, in the summer season, call at the converted coastguard's cottage overlooking Torbay, Devon, where he lives with his wife. "They still tell me their hard-up stories," Bell says. "They don't realize that I am older, wiser and poorer."

In his younger days Bell yearned to be a successful artist. When he saw the work of other artists it only pained him to look at his own pictures, so he decided to write. His first step to success came when a publisher offered to bring out his first book—on condition that the author paid £30 towards the cost. His latest novel, *Thy First Begotten*, was published last week. Last year Bell put a lifetime's memories into his autobiography, *My Writing Life*. "It was a rattling good book—one of my best," he says. "Yet the sales have been really deplorable."

At sixty-eight Bell still likes to keep check on the profits of authorship. Up until two years ago the forty-odd novels, five hundred short stories, twelve children's books and numerous poems which he had written in forty-seven years had earned him £35,263. "In spite of all that money I am now just one of the poor."

Now in the shops — everywhere

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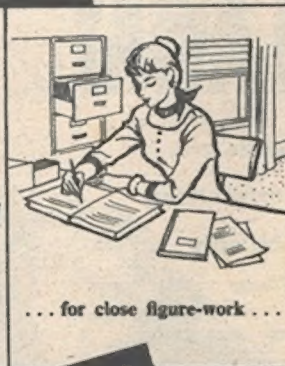


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THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

The almost unbelievable true
escape story of Oberleutnant
Franz Von Werra, the only
German prisoner of war
taken in Britain who
escaped from
captivity and got
back to Germany.



starring **HARDY KRUGER** as Franz von Werra
Screenplay by Howard Gleaves
Produced by Julian Wintle
Directed by Roy Baker

PRINCIPAL CITIES from **NOV 10th**
N.W. LONDON from **NOV 10th** **N.E. LONDON** from **NOV 17th** **SOUTH LONDON** from **NOV 24th**

Free Speech

- Killing all the fun of our fairs
- Why you can pillory British Railways
- Into battle with shopping baskets

WHAT a mockery that once renowned saying "All the fun of the fair" has become! After visiting fairgrounds as a girl twenty years ago, I have been back to several recently with my children and have found them neither funny nor fair.

Games which once cost a penny have risen, out of all proportion, to sixpence. The only skill necessary is an ability to pay and then to find the hidden catch. Should you succeed, a surly man with a don't-come-back look hands you a trumpery "prize."

Fairground proprietors have been blaming their decline on other entertainments for too long. The fact is that they are killing themselves with their own sharp practices. —Mrs. D. L., Warwickshire.

any defect of a nationalised concern can be given so much publicity, when more serious cases of bad service on the part of private firms pass unmentioned. Is it because mention by name of a private firm might cause



the publisher to be sued for libel? And aren't public bodies similarly protected?—A. H. SPRING, Argyle Road, Reading, Berkshire.

"In principle, public bodies are as well protected from unfounded criticism as are private firms," says a lawyer. "But in practice a public body is less likely to have suffered damage because it is unlikely to have lost business to competitors."

Boy Firefighters

The suggestion for a fire cadet corps made by L. Wakeman of Kent ("Free Speech," September 28) interested me very much. At Gordons-toun School, Morayshire, the boys are trained in firefighting and can become fully qualified members of the North Eastern Fire Brigade after two or three years.

The school's two fire appliances—a towing vehicle and trailer pump—attend all local fires, which have included farm outbreaks, heath fires and aircraft crashes. —OLD GORDONSTOUNIAN, Corbridge-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

"Gordonstoun School's volunteer fire brigade is called out about twenty times a year," says a North Eastern Fire Brigade spokesman. "The boys are between fifteen and eighteen years of age and are as keen as mustard. Ten are fully qualified firemen."

The headmaster says: "We have volunteer coastguard and mountain rescue units as well."

Expensive Stamps

When I asked for a packet of stamped postcards in a sub-post office the assistant stuck a halfpenny stamp on each of the eleven cards and charged me 2s. 8d. As the original price was 2s. I asked why I couldn't be sold a



packet at the old price and stick my own stamps on—a total cost of 2s. 5½d.

"Oh, no, sir," said the assistant. "We can't do things like that. The new price is 2s. 8d."

So the Post Office charges 8d. for 5½d. worth of stamps.—J. GOLD, Balls Pond Road, Islington, London, N.1.

"The extra 2½d. is the increased cost of the cards themselves," says the G.P.O.

Private Protection

I sympathize with N. C. Thody of Kent who was stranded in London because of a mistake on the part of British Railways ("Free Speech," September 28). But I wonder why

Wheeled Menace

Shopping baskets on wheels are becoming a menace. Their advantages to the elderly are obvious, but it never seems to be the elderly who have them. Only yesterday I saw a very old woman with varicose veins who was pale with pain because she had been rammed by a wheeled basket. And all the housewife responsible could say when this was pointed out was: "She should have got out of the way."

My aunt had a pair of suede shoes ruined and no apology was given—and most women I know have had at least one pair of nylon stockings spoiled. These baskets should at least be barred from inside shops.—Mrs. J. A. MITCHELL, Woolwich Road, Abbey Wood, London, S.E.2.

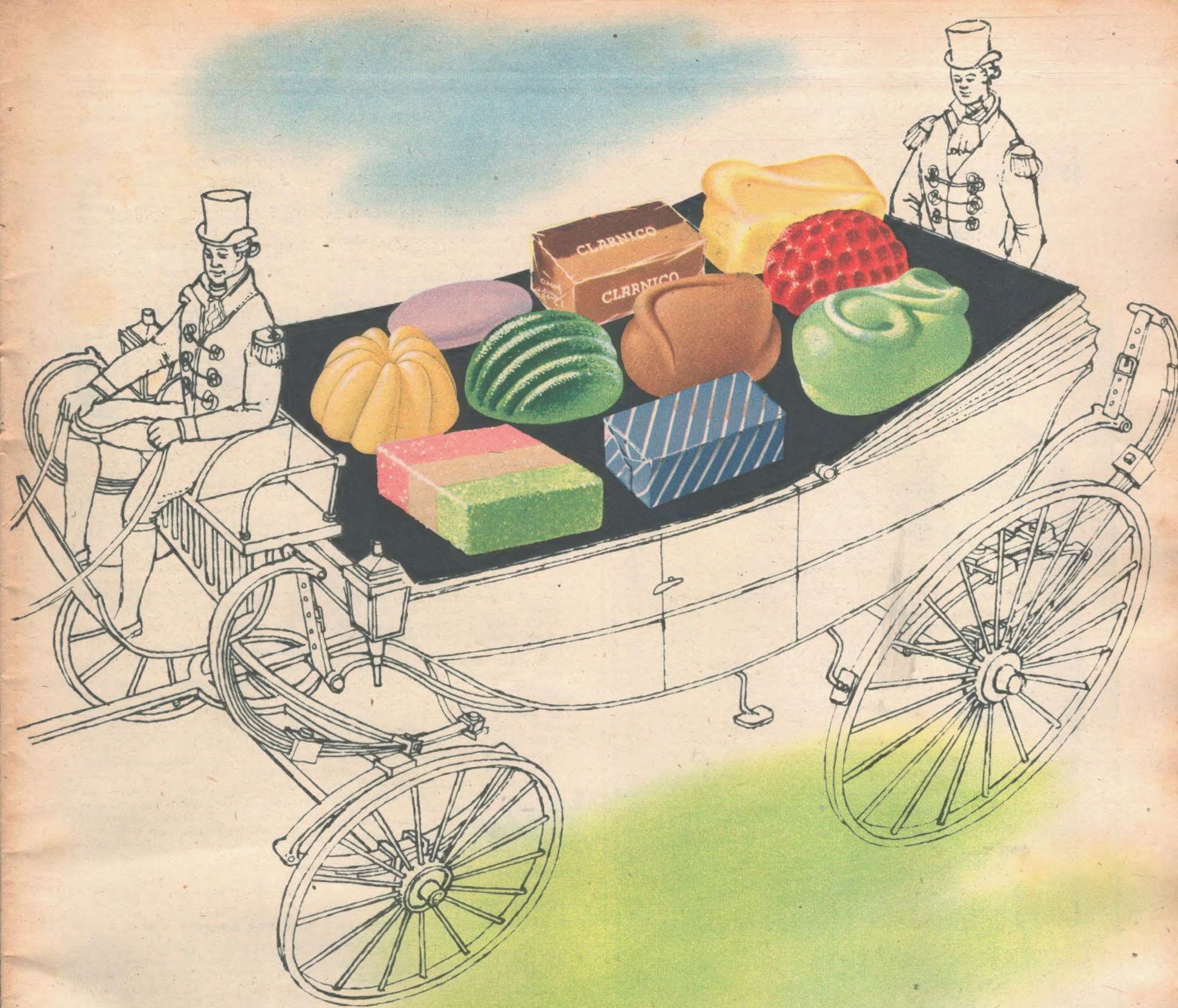
"Strictly speaking nobody is allowed to push any carriage or truck along the pavements," says a lawyer. "So anybody who carelessly damages Mrs. Mitchell's nylon stockings with a wheeled basket could certainly be made to pay for the repair."

Holiday Start

When a family party disembarked at a Channel Island port this summer they made inquiries for lodgings at a place of business. An assistant telephoned his boss, who often let rooms at his home, and was told that rooms were available.

So the assistant crossed the road and engaged a taxi for the party, telling the driver: "Take these people up to the gov'nor's place." On arrival, they and their luggage were set down on the doorstep of a rather grand house and the taxi driver departed. After looking in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



REGENCY CANDIES

BY

CLARNICO

In one pound and half-pound boxes



this Winter —

it's smart to be
warm in

wool



Winter can be fun... with wool to keep you warm. Wool, pure wool keeps you cosy as can be in the chilliest weather, yet it's wonderfully comfortable to wear. And wool never loses this natural ability. Come rain, come snow, wool shrugs it off with a carefree air... or stays at home, casual and comfortable. Wool, like the weather, is so very versatile! No wonder so many wise people say it's smart to be warm in wool.

Indoors... relax in style in a heavy-rib wool cardigan from Jaeger, in heart-warming colours of cherry, yellow, platinum and royal blue... 6½ gns. Team it smartly to Bedford cord slacks in wool (also by Jaeger) in cherry, royal, navy, petrol blue, black, nutria, fawn or dark green... 5½ gns.

JAEGER, 204 REGENT STREET, W.1

Outdoors... a single-breasted country coat in Scotch wool tweed that makes light of the worst possible weather. Chosen from a range by Drescott in 'Barleycorn', one of six shades about 18 gns.

Details of your nearest stockist from
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD.
DUDLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR wool

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

vain for a receptionist the bewildered visitors wandered into the drawing-room, where they met a member of the domestic staff. The subsequent conversation was a little confused but at last clarity emerged: "This is the Governor's Residence."

For the honour of the island, I must add that arrangements were rapidly made for another taxi to take the party to the right destination. —MISS M. WATKINS, Cambridge Park, Guernsey.

Hidden Suspense

If A. W. James of Edinburgh wants to have the comfort of braces without their unsightliness ("Free Speech," October 12), he should follow my example. I wear mine under my shirt—and my wife cuts short slits for the loops. —S. E. K. Huby, Leeds.

No Batteries Needed

I often look round the seasonal displays of electrical goods for a gadget that was popular with troops in the Mediterranean during the war. It was a flashlight for which no batteries were needed. Power was generated by pressure of the fingers upon a spring-loaded handle and a steady beam of light with a constant voltage could be maintained by gentle pressure.

In those days of battery shortage these flashlights were much in demand. But I would have thought that there would be a ready market for such a handy article today—or would the battery manufacturers object? —B. E. BAGGALEY, Park Farm, North Stoneham, near Eastleigh, Hampshire.

"Most of these torches were of Swiss, German or French manufacture," says a wholesaler. "We had a steady demand for a German model which we were importing until the factory ceased production a year ago, but we haven't been able to find a satisfactory substitute."

Roundabout Problem

I always wonder who has the right of way at a roundabout, the motorist already going round or the one coming in from the left a little ahead of him? I have put this problem to



many motorists, driving instructors and policemen with the result that I am more confused than before. —R. M., Lanarkshire.

Five motoring experts agree that neither driver has a clear right of way in law and that each case must be decided on the spot using common sense and courtesy. In many cases, however, a slight advantage might lie with the man on the roundabout rather than with the one changing direction.

Roller In India

Reading the article about steam-rollers ("Puffing Nomad Of Our Roads," JOHN BULL, October 5), reminded me of a nostalgic moment in Kashmir. I was travelling with a group of tough British paratroopers on leave when we suddenly came upon a steamroller with the rampant horse sign on the front, working away on the road—and I saw eyes fill with tears at the sight of this homely scene. I believe that one of these ubiquitous machines was once

taken to pieces and carried by scores of porters high up the Himalayas to Katmandu. —M. CROSS, Mandrake Road, London, S.W.17.

Credit Note Squeeze

N. C. Thody of Kent wonders why English people are so soft that they won't complain. I recently returned faulty clothing to various shops. On two occasions I couldn't find suitable replacements, so I have credit notes for the money involved.

This means that I will have to buy something I don't particularly want



having already laid out more money to buy elsewhere the articles I originally needed.

Why can't firms refund money to customers in such instances instead of penalizing them for other people's mistakes? —MRS. E. THORPE, Northumberland Street, Norwich.

"Too many shops try this trick," says a lawyer. "Mrs. Thorpe can get her money back if the faults have been admitted and she sticks to her guns."

Spilling Populations

Almost every city in Britain has its overpopulation problem. Yet if a city moves out thirty thousand people to a satellite town, does its population really stay permanently reduced by that amount—or do thirty thousand other people immediately move in? —MRS. ANNE PARK, Andreas, Isle Of Man.

"Not necessarily," says the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, "as long as industry is persuaded to move out as well. The population of the London County Council area, for example, was little more than three million by 1955, having decreased by 100,000 in five years."

Boosted Bargain

The perambulator which we used for our children was still serviceable and of good appearance when we decided to get rid of it. We just wanted to give it away but several people who said that they would like it backed out at the last minute.

Yesterday, in desperation, we put it in front of the house with a £1 price tag on it. We had four inquiries and had sold it within an hour. But the purchaser and inquirers were all neighbours who had known that we had been trying to give the pram away for months. —W. S., Cheshire.

Cock-eyed Ernie?

The premium bond robot, Ernie, seems cock-eyed to me. Last month "Z" began the numbers of sixteen major awards, "P" began thirteen, "K" began nine and "W" eight in a total list of eighty-one selections. Impartial, my foot!

Irish Sweepstake results show every letter of the alphabet over and over again. The dimpled wrists of a bevy of pretty nurses far exceed the much-trumpeted efforts of Ernie the robot. —D. MILLETT, Beverley, Yorkshire.

"Irish Sweepstake counterfoils are used only once, but premium bonds are fed to Ernie over and over again and pretty nurses would get shuffler's cramp," says the G.P.O. "Initial letters 'I' and 'O' are not used because they could easily be confused with figures; 'U' is out because it's too much like 'V'."

"The initial letter 'A' denotes £1 bonds, 'B' £2 and so on. 'Z' denotes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



There are few things drier to drink than Schweppes Dry Ginger Ale

SCHWEPPERESCENTENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH 7

Chocolates of Distinction

Rich, velvety smooth milk chocolate—refreshing fruits—crisp, sweet nuts... blended together as only NEEDLER'S know how. That's MILK DESSERT... Here are just four of the delicious centres in this delightful assortment.



ROASTED ALMOND



TWIN HAZELNUTS



BRAZIL NUT



PINEAPPLE

Milk Dessert Chocolates
by **NEEDLER**

Pick and span



Behind that Pick label
there's a good pullover.
Warm. Smart.
Keeps in shape.
Choose Pick pullovers,
slipovers, cardigans,
swimwear for men;
jerseys, pullovers
for children.

Pick the garment
with this label

J. PICK & SONS LIMITED, LEICESTER

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

£500, and there is a ratio of about 230 "Z" units sold to every twenty-three "A" units. Bonds in odd amounts like £7 are a less popular buy with the public, so fewer are in the draw."

Travellers Discouraged

At Alton, Hampshire, several shops and licensed houses display "No Travellers Served" notices in their windows.

What does the word "traveller" mean, and why should shopkeepers worry as long as the money is forthcoming for the goods? These notices



can be very disconcerting to holiday travellers. —NORMAN BIRKETT, Mile Oak, Tamworth, Staffordshire.

"We mean gipsies, tramps and other people whom we consider undesirable or likely to cause trouble," says an Alton shopkeeper.

"A licensee can refuse to serve anyone he chooses," says a lawyer, "although if he does this too arbitrarily he might have to fight a strong objection to the renewal of his licence. Even innkeepers can refuse accommodation to anyone presenting himself 'in an unfit state,' although they are otherwise obliged to provide it for anyone who can pay."

Dramatic Sports Fans

The letter from O. L. of Surbiton criticizing women at sports meetings ("Free Speech," October 12) made me laugh. Of course we don't go to boxing matches to see blood or to Rugby matches in the hopes of watching some strapping fellow break his neck.

We're just following the advice of our women's magazines by "taking a lively interest" in our husbands' hobbies and "cementing our marriages with shared interests." Our show of enthusiasm is mostly an act with which we hope to please, but we can't help being carried away by our fine sense of drama. So we overact—hence these accusations that we are bloodthirsty and coarse.—MRS. CLAIRE SUPPLE, Oak Crescent, Thorne, Doncaster, Yorkshire.

Confusion Of Cats

I was surprised to read in Stuart Cloete's serial that the Kaffir captain and chiefs wore kilts and earpieces of

tiger skin (*The Mask*, JOHN BULL, September 21). Surely there are no tigers in Africa. Leopard skin is the traditional dress for chiefs because of its beauty and availability—and there is a Kaffir folk tale that the leopard was given his distinctive skin by the tortoise, an expert painter, whom he had saved from a bush fire.

But the hyena had left the tortoise to his fate so he was painted uglier than ever when he applied for the same beauty treatment.—C. BAKER, Emscote Road, Halifax, Yorkshire.

"The Boers call leopards tigers," says Stuart Cloete. "Similarly jaguars are often called tigers in Brazil."

Longer Than Jones

In this panic to keep up with the Joneses, longer and longer cars are being built. We learn nothing from the American chaos which slows city traffic to a crawl and makes parking a nightmare, all because everybody wants more than his fair share of road.

More and more pavements in our towns are becoming blocked because these huge cars overlap the kerb. It's time that car lengths were controlled. This would at least postpone the day when all private cars will have to be banned in central city areas.—J. PRICE, Orpington, Kent.

Current-shy Mice

I'm not surprised that mice avoid traps operated by alternating electric current ("Free Speech," October 5). I once owned a model railway and a family of fast-breeding white mice. The two projects dwelt side by side and the mice rode the trains with every sign of enjoyment.

Should the power be off when I let out the mice they swarmed over the rails and tracks, but if the current was switched on—even at its lowest setting—no mouse would cross the lines except by the model foot-bridge.

What happened if the power came on with mice on the line? I never had the heart to find out.—A. R. D., Cardigan, South Wales.

Double Charged

Mrs. D. V. Kennard of Harrogate complains that hotels charge her for a breakfast she doesn't want ("Free Speech," September 28). She's lucky. As a regular traveller I often have to pay for a double room in order to get a bed for the night and have occasionally been charged for two breakfasts which I could neither eat nor afford.—MRS. E. ALISON BARR, Liversedge, Yorkshire.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

How time flies! A year ago he was a scruffy schoolboy with a mop of hair that hadn't seen a comb in months. And now Father's bottle of hair tonic—"so stimulating for the roots"—has been emptied to the last priceless drop to turn the young rascal into a gentleman. No doubt there's some designing female behind this transformation; so, if Father's memory serves him right, the next item to be "borrowed" will be his car. And then, says cover artist Critchlow, his troubles will really start, and he'll have no hair left worth worrying about.





Everybody loves a Kosset carpet!

One of the most lovable things about Kosset Carpets is that they are wonderfully inexpensive — which is fortunate, for they are hard to resist. When you look at the thick, cushiony pile, you see at once what luxury, what blissful comfort Kosset Carpets would mean to your rooms. The best of it is they are extra hard-wearing because they are made of a specially tough carpet yarn which is very easily cleaned, and moth-proof for life.

You will love the colours, which range from soft, muted shades to vivid contemporary colours. You will bless the ten

seam-saving widths, which run from 27" for halls and staircases up to 15 ft. broadloom for seamless wall-to-wall carpets. Prices begin at 34/6d. a square yard.

See also Kosset Shaggy Dog, our fleecy, deep-pile rug, 63" x 32", in off-white and wonderful colours, with lavishly fringed ends, price 91/4d.

Kosset Carpets are sold all over the country. If you would like our free booklet and the name of your nearest dealer, write to Kosset Carpets Ltd., 6-10 Bruton Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Legation 2477.

THIS POSTER ASKS:

Are you risking your health?

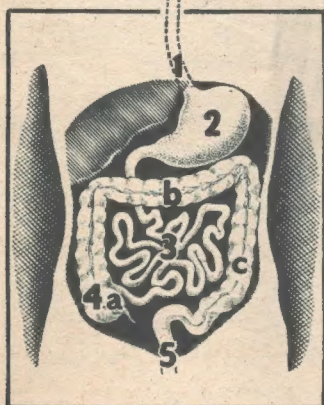
There's a right way
and a wrong way to
overcome constipation
says "Family Doctor"

CONSTIPATION is a familiar enemy. It's often responsible for bad temper and that "don't care" feeling—and can even lead to headaches, a muddy complexion, and stomach pains. To make matters worse, constipation starts unnoticed. Then one day we realize all is far from well and say: "I'll have a good dose tonight."

But a good dose is *not* the answer. A poster now being circulated to clinics by "Family Doctor" warns sufferers against purging—and suggests, instead, the *right* way to tackle the problem.

Understand how constipation occurs, and you will understand exactly how to overcome it in the right way—as "Family Doctor" advises.

The way we live these days is the main cause of constipation. We take a bus instead of walking, rush our meals, give our systems too little time to function. And most important of all, we eat too little of the kind of food that the bowels need to eliminate waste matter from the body.



1. Esophagus. 2. Stomach. 3. Small intestine. 4. Large intestine: (a) ascending colon; (b) transverse colon; (c) descending colon. 5. To rectum.

How constipation occurs

The diagram (above) shows the danger area for constipation: over 30 ft. of intestines through which all food passes. While it is here, its nutritive values are absorbed into the bloodstream, and what the body does not need is left behind and eliminated.

Most modern diets, however, are too soft and starchy. They provide too little fibrous roughage—doctors call it "bulk"—for the bowel muscles to grip and draw away.

Missing their exercise, these muscles get slack. They fail to move the small, slippery deposits, and gradually a full-scale blockage occurs.

Take care of yourself

How should you deal with such a blockage? If you resort to a purgative, you will get violent, unnatural, relief—but no lasting benefit, because the *cause* of constipation has not been overcome. If, however, you take the "Family Doctor" poster's advice, you can find *permanent relief, nature's way.*

Exercise and plenty of fluids are easily come by. *And so is bulk.* One delicious food, ready to eat, can supply all the bulk you need.

How a delicious cereal ends constipation forever

Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, tasty breakfast cereal made from the outer layers of wheat, and it is almost 100% pure, natural bulk.

FAMILY DOCTOR says

Beware of purgatives

The constant use of purgatives does more harm than good. "Remedies" of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation.

This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor.

Issued by Family Doctor—the magazine of better living,
published monthly by the British Medical Association

Passing through your intestines, All-Bran acts like a soft sponge, removing every trace of waste matter and pushing it gently out of the system. The half-hearted muscles of your system start working again and you know the joy of being

really well because you are regular.

Within a few days All-Bran can relieve—in the natural way recommended by doctors—even the most obstinate constipation. It can be the means, too, of ensuring that you never suffer again.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

TRY All-Bran for ten mornings. You will find the nutty flavour is delicious with milk and sugar or with fruit.

Once you are really "regular" again you may prefer to add a little All-Bran to your favourite cereal.

But try it now. Eat it regularly for ten days. If after ten days you haven't achieved simple regularity, we will gladly refund double your money!



ECONOMY NOTE

Kellogg's now offer you 18-oz. economy packets of All-Bran at 1/11d. as well as the regular 10-oz. packet at 1/2d.

**KEEP FREE FROM CONSTIPATION
—FOR LESS THAN 1d A DAY**



Beginning a thrilling new story of high adventure in Athens

Greek Fire

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

THE LITTLE JOCKEY was not much more than a converted cellar, just out of reach of the seedy lights of Omonia Square. The place was about two-thirds full, but they found Vanbrugh a table in a good position in a sort of upper cellar which formed a terrace on a higher level.

There was a tall Lithuanian Jewess who seemed to go with the table and Vanbrugh raised no objection. He didn't talk to the girl, but she refilled his glass once or twice and her own with it.

At a table in a corner was a middle-aged, stout man in a black alpaca suit, with a fluff of untidy beard. He was eating—as usual. He paused now and then to brush crumbs from his shabby, shiny suit. Vanbrugh frowned as at an uneasy memory. Mandraki, the silversmith. What was he doing here?

The band had stopped and people were leaving the small dance floor. Two couples climbed the steps and took seats at a table nearby—wealthy young Greeks, both men handsome

"I suppose," said Anya, "you have heard of my connection with George Lascou?" Vanbrugh said: "I heard he has a taste for beautiful things"

Yes, Anya was very beautiful. "But make no mistake," Vanbrugh was warned. "She is George Lascou's woman without question"

but running to fat; one girl ordinary, the other a beauty.

Vanbrugh eyed her through smoke from his cigarette: raven-black hair caught together with a diamond clasp at the back; an ivory profile with a slender, almost too slender, nose; eyes lit with exceptional brilliance. It was the classic conception of beauty—but all on a twentieth-century basis, from the peach fingernails to the brilliant, worldly wise smile.

The girl knew she was being looked at, and her gaze moved to Vanbrugh's table, took in the thin, undernourished-looking Englishman, the cheap girl, the waiter changing the bottle in the bucket. A glimmer of amused contempt showed in her eyes before she turned away.

Vanbrugh said to his companion: "What's this new cabaret you have?"

"The Three Tolosas? They are Spaniards. They dance like all Spaniards."

As she spoke the lights dimmed and a single spot played on the dance floor. Vanbrugh said: "Who is the girl at the table next but one?"

"Ah, that one. . . . Stonaris, isn't that her name? Anya Stonaris. I have seen her photo in the weekly papers."

Her voice was drowned by the clash of cymbals. Four girls in traditional Spanish costume came out and performed a *flamenco*, while in the background a thin, lithe man dressed like a matador crouched before a harp and touched it in a casual way from time to time. The first thing Vanbrugh noticed about him was that he was in a sweat of fear.

When the girls went off, dragging perfunctory applause after them, the thin Spaniard stayed where he was, his short, nervous fingers barely touching the harp strings.

"Who is Anya Stonaris?" asked Vanbrugh. "What does she do?"

His companion shrugged. "Who knows? That one with her—that man—is called Manos. He is a politician."

A woman stepped through the curtains on to the dance floor. She was young, about twenty-two, a little plump. Hands on hips, in perfect ease and confidence, she sang a comic song in a harsh, broken, powerful voice.

At the table where the Greeks were, Anya Stonaris put out her cigarette. Vanbrugh saw her glance towards him before turning again to watch the show.

A small, dapper man, dressed in all the magnificence of a toreador, had come on to the dance floor. The harpist suddenly set fire to his harp with great chords and discords of a new kind, and the man and the woman began to dance. It was the dance of the bull-ring, hot and bloodstained. They swirled and twisted to the shouted rhythm, she charging, he adroitly avoiding her with his *muleta*, enticing and evading, side-stepping and body swaying.

At last El Toro drew back his sword. As she ran at him, he turned slightly aside and plunged the sword between her arm and shoulder. She sank slowly, her attitude the conventional posture of the slain bull.

There was loud applause at the end of this dance, and the partners, toreador and bull, stood bowing side by side.

"You see," said the Lithuanian, "it is not bad after all. Of course that woman, Maria Tolosa, she is the best."

Vanbrugh nodded. He saw that the harpist was still sweating as he went off.

He wondered whether he should attempt to see Juan Tolosa tonight. He had landed at Hellenikon only three hours ago. Also he

thought he had been recognized by Mandraki, the silversmith. If that were so, it was a disadvantage to make any move now.

The orchestra had started to play again and a few dancers drifted on to the floor. Manos asked Anya Stonaris for a dance, but she said something smilingly and they did not get up.

Vanbrugh waited a few more minutes and then paid his bill. He slipped some crumpled notes into his companion's hand and walked away. Mandraki was wiping his mouth with a napkin. His eyes followed Vanbrugh as he left the night club. . . .

The Hotel Como, where Vanbrugh was staying, was small and in a dark side street. He had known the proprietor for years.

Vanbrugh was no stranger to Greece. He had been at the University of Athens when the Germans invaded the country, and had fought against them. He had gone underground then, and fought with the Greek patriot movements until the liberation. Afterwards he was involved in the civil wars against E.L.A.S. and invalided home, badly wounded, in 1947. But he had been back since then, discreetly. And now he was in Greece once more—ostensibly a publisher on a business visit. . . .

VANBRUGH was up and about early the next morning, but a clock was striking eleven as he crossed Kolonaki Square and made his way up one of the avenues running off it towards the slopes of Lycabettus.

At the house where he called, the maid was new to him and seemed doubtful whether Madame Lindos would see him. He gave his name and waited at the door. When he went in, he was shown into a small morning-room where a handsome old woman sat before an open fire.

"So. We cannot keep you away, Peter. Have you no home?"

He smiled. "No home. Are you well?"

"When one is as old as I am, one is modestly grateful for being alive at all. Let me see, have you ever met Monsieur Vyro?"

Peter turned to the short, elderly man with the grey imperial who had been standing by the window.

"Monsieur Vyro is the proprietor of *Aegis*, one of our oldest morning papers—"

"And one of the most distinguished," said Peter.

Monsieur Vyro bowed. "That is too kind. You are English, sir?"

"Yes."

"Am I up to date with your occupation, Peter?" Madame Lindos asked. "The last time you wrote you were—"

"Yes, still in publishing."

"Monsieur Vanbrugh represents Muirhead and Lewis, the London publishers."

"You are here on business?" said Monsieur Vyro.

"Partly, yes. We have two Greek authors on our list, Costopoulos and Paleocasta. And partly I come to see old friends—among them Madame Lindos, who always knows so much about all the things I want to know."

"If that was ever true, Peter, it is far less true now. Fewer people come to see me. What brings you at this particular time?"

"Your elections fascinate me. I wanted to ask you who is going to win this one. What of this new party of the centre, E.M.O., led by George Lascou?"

"I see you are up to date in some things," Madame Lindos said dryly.

"What sort of a man is Lascou?"

The question was addressed generally, but for

a minute neither answered. The question appeared to have been dropped into an empty room. Then Vyro said: "Intelligent, cultured, influential. His money makes him influential."

"You'll stay for coffee, Angelos?" Madame Lindos asked.

"No, thank you, I must go. You will be here some time, Monsieur Vanbrugh?"

"A week or so. I haven't decided."

"Next Friday is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of my paper. We are celebrating by setting in motion two new printing presses. I came to see Madame Lindos today about the reception which she is holding here first. It would be a pleasure to us if you could come."

"I shall be glad to. Thank you. . . ."

"My very oldest surviving friend," said Madame Lindos when Vyro had left. "My husband's friend, too. A man of such integrity."

She got up. Arthritis made her moving ungainly, but once up she was as erect as he was. "You must come into the drawing-room for coffee, and then I want to know what you are here for."

"I believe you don't trust me."

"Not very far."

"Tell me, Sophia, what do you know about a woman called Anya Stonaris?"

"George Lascou's girl? You have met her?"

"What's her history?"

"I know very little. She is still very young, but they have been together a long time. He, of course, has a wife and two children, and he poses to the electorate as a family man."

Vanbrugh said: "I've heard of Lascou for a good many years, but until he entered politics I wasn't interested in him."

"And now?"

"One gets different opinions. Some say he'll soon be the most powerful figure in Greece." Vanbrugh stirred his coffee. "Do you have friends who know Anya Stonaris?"

She made a gesture disavowing responsibility. "I have some."

"I want to meet her. Could it be arranged in some casual way?"

Madame Lindos smiled thoughtfully. "She is very beautiful, isn't she? But make no mistake. She is George Lascou's woman without question."

Vanbrugh said: "That is something I'll be interested to discover for myself."

"I'll see what I can do. Wait here."

Vanbrugh stood up and held open the door as his hostess left the room. Alone, he walked round examining the faded prints that stood out against the old crimson wallpaper.

Madame Lindos was gone about ten minutes. She returned, Vanbrugh thought, looking remarkably pleased with herself. "It is arranged, Peter."

"Already? But that's a miracle."

"No, just good fortune. Do you know the Comte de Trieste?"

"An Italian?"

"A Corfiote. He is taking a party to the gala performance of *Electra* tonight. Mademoiselle Stonaris will be one of the party."

"And . . . ?"

"You also will be one of the party."

"But dear Sophia, how have you fixed it?"

"De Trieste was once under an obligation to my husband. And one of his party is sick. You will go to his house at seven thirty. He knows all that it is necessary to know."

"It is exactly what I wanted," Vanbrugh said. "Tell me one thing—will George Lascou be with us?"

"No. It is a formal occasion. The King and



Major Kolono stepped forward and confronted Vanbrugh. "The police have been trying to trace you," he said. "They want to ask you some questions"

Queen will be there. George Lascou will take his wife."

"I can't thank you enough."

"Go carefully, Peter. You got into trouble the last time you were here."

"I was of use."

Her grey, worldly wise eyes flickered up to him for a moment. "I *know* you were of use. I know that. But you made enemies in high places, as well as friends."

"It's a risk one must take."

"That's just what it's not. If you are here on publishing business, I'm sure nobody will interfere with you. But if you start dabbling in our politics it could be—dangerous."

"All right," Vanbrugh said. "I'll go carefully. . . ."

At three o'clock that afternoon a plump young woman was walking through Zappeion Park. Her mane of hair was dragged back and fastened under a head scarf. Her cheeks were puffy with crying, but she was not crying now; her face was set like iron.

After a while she came opposite a statue and hesitated, staring at it, not really seeing it but uncertain whether to go on or turn back. A man who had been following the same path stopped also and looked at the statue.

After a moment he glanced at her and said

in English: "He died here, too." She stared at him with angry, puzzled eyes. "Byron. That statue," he explained.

"If you are from the police," she said, "I will spit in your face."

"If I were from the police, that would land you in trouble."

"And you are not."

"I am not."

"Then get out of my way." She turned her back on him and walked off.

"Tell me one thing," he said, catching her up. "How did the accident happen? I was coming to see him about midday when I heard."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Peter Vanbrugh. I was at the Little Jockey last night. This morning I had a certain business proposition to put to your husband. I was too late. . . . But I might put the proposition to you, Señora Tolosa."

"Do I look or feel in a condition to listen to business propositions? Get out of my way."

"He was run over, wasn't he? Your husband perhaps took too many risks?"

That stopped her. "What are you talking about?"

"Take a coffee with me and I'll tell you."

"I do not want for coffee. But if you have something to say, I will sit down."

They found a café near the park and

Vanbrugh ordered coffee for himself and a brandy for her.

"How did the accident happen?" he said.

"He had a phone call at nine this morning. I do not know who it was from. Then he left the house. I went to the window to call after him. The car came from up the street, not very fast. It went on the pavement behind Juan. He turned at the last minute and tried to jump out of the way, but it caught him against the wall—and crushed him. I—I saw his face. . . ."

She thrust the tears off her face. "The police pretend to believe it was an accident. But they are fools, or liars."

Vanbrugh offered her a cigarette but she shook her head impatiently. She watched him suspiciously.

He said: "I was coming to see your husband because I think he had something to sell. Two weeks ago you and your company were in Paris."

"Well?"

"A friend of mine met Juan Tolosa. Once he drank too much and got talkative. He dropped a hint of something he was going to do when he came to Athens. He mentioned a name. My friend knew I was interested in that name. When he saw me a week or so later, he passed the information on. I got to Athens yesterday."

She picked up her glass, frowned at it; then

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Our trawlers have to be wary. Straying into forbidden seas may bring a shot across the bows

Our fleets fish in stormy waters

by KEITH ELLIS

As nations push their frontiers out to sea, Britain's fishermen face arrest and heavy fines—for poaching

THE 353-ton Fleetwood trawler Red Sword was fishing off Iceland. All day her skipper, Lieutenant-Commander Norman Jenks, R.N.R., had kept scrupulously outside the new four-mile limit. Now, lowering skies and a rising sea threatened bad weather. He snapped out an order and the crew hauled in the trawl. With some of his gear still hanging from the mast, he made for the Iceland coast.

A gunboat appeared just as he crossed the four-mile line. The new law also required that ships inside the limit have their gear stowed. The gunboat's captain took one look at the Red Sword's mast and ordered her to heave-to.

Jenks decided to run for it. Turning about, he made off at full speed. The gunboat chased him and fired a shot across his bows. Jenks steamed on, soon leaving the gunboat behind.

A year later, he put in at the south Icelandic

port of Vestmannaeyjar to pick up a doctor for a sick member of his crew. The authorities immediately arrested him for his "crime," but later the case was dismissed.

The Red Sword incident was one of many which typified the confusion of the four years' Anglo-Icelandic fishery dispute. It started in April, 1952, when Iceland announced that she was extending her territorial waters from three miles to four. Also, she was measuring the four miles not from the traditional low water mark but from lines drawn between the extreme points of her coastline.

She cited as an authority the recent judgment of the International Court at The Hague. Norway had protested for years that British trawlers were violating her territorial waters. She defined them as being four miles wide and measured from baselines connecting forty-seven extreme points along the coast. Norway claimed

that with her deeply indented and island-dotted coastline, it was impossible to measure them in any other way. Britain accepted the four-mile limit. But she rejected the baselines.

In 1948, Norway started arresting British ships caught inside the disputed waters. In 1951, after eleven skippers had paid fines totaling almost £20,000, Britain asked the International Court for a ruling. By a majority of ten to two, it found for Norway.

The Icelandic decision was far more serious. It shut British trawlers out of five thousand square miles of fishing grounds.

Iceland said that fish accounted for ninety-five per cent of her export trade, and that unless she closed the grounds they would soon be fished out. For that reason, she had also closed the grounds to her own trawlers.

The British view was that Iceland had acted provocatively and that her parliament had been under pressure from inshore fishermen who would gain by the ruling. Jack Croft Baker, president of the British Trawlers' Federation at the time, said: "We have no objection to what is done to build up stocks. But now we are debarred from these grounds for ever."

There was a deeper reason for the outcry. The Anglo-Icelandic dispute was only one part of an international struggle which is still going on. The fish themselves cause the trouble. Instead of living in the deep open seas far from land they crowd together in shallow coastal waters. Over the years many of the big fish-eating countries such as Britain, Japan and the United States have exhausted the seas round their own coasts. Now they want to fish in the coastal waters of other countries.

The other countries resent this. Often fish is their most important natural resource. A failure in supplies through over-fishing could wreck their economies. To protect their fish—and their pride—they are pushing out their lines.

Unfortunately, there has never been international agreement on the extent of territorial waters. Originally they were drawn for defence and the control of shipping. In the eighteenth century Cornelius van Bynkershoek, the Dutch jurist, propounded the doctrine that "the dominion of the land finishes where the power of arms finishes." At that time, the most powerful cannon could hurl a ball three miles. Hence the three-mile limit.

Britain, most of the Commonwealth and many Western European countries have stood by the "cannon-ball" line. But other countries have differed. Spain, Italy, Iran, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Brazil have long claimed a four-mile limit. Russia has always insisted on twelve.

In recent years, more and more countries have extended their territorial waters.

Mexico has laid claim to twelve miles. Canada is hoping to get United Nations support for an extension to twelve miles. Australia has established a limit drawn where the sea reaches a depth of one hundred fathoms. Peru, Chile and Ecuador are still more ambitious: they claim two hundred miles.

These are no idle claims. The South Korean Government is currently holding prisoner 725 Japanese fishermen whose boats crossed their boundary. In 1955, Peruvian warships arrested the entire whaling fleet of Aristotle Onassis for fishing inside the two-hundred-mile limit. He had to pay a fine of three million dollars.

In the same year, Ecuadorean gunboats fired on two American boats fishing twenty-five miles offshore. One seaman was wounded and had to have his leg amputated.

If other countries followed Iceland's example the British fishing industry would be ruined. "We hadn't a very strong case," Croft Baker now admits, "and if it had gone to the International Court I shouldn't have been very happy about it. But the action we took made other countries stop and ponder."

That action was ruthless. Most of Iceland's

fish was sold to Britain. It came in through Hull and Grimsby. Although the docks are nationalised, the trawler owners control all landing equipment—boxes, crates, baskets, landing-ropes, winches, power points and even the ice supply. They announced that these facilities would not be available for fish arriving from Iceland.

The Icelandic trawler owners struck back. They set up their own landing organization in Grimsby. On November 19, 1952, the trawler Jon Forseti arrived with a catch of 40,000 stones. The fish was of exceptionally high quality, and the merchants scrambled to buy. If this continued to happen, the ban would fail.

But the trawler officers took the same view as the owners. They announced that they would not take out their boats until the merchants refused to handle Icelandic fish. As the merchants depended on the British boats for nine-tenths of their supplies, they agreed to the trawler officers' demands.

Feelings rose on either side.

At this point, plump, pouch-eyed George Dawson, the Cockney financier, offered himself in the rôle of public benefactor. Flying to Reykjavik, he signed a contract with the Icelandic trawler owners, who gave him an option on all Icelandic fish arriving at British ports. He then built up a landing and marketing organization.

"By November," he declared, "I shall be bringing in twelve ships a week. They are going to land here and bring the price down."

The merchants were the key to the situation. If they refused to buy, Dawson was finished. The trawler owners attacked them with carrot and stick. Jack Vincent, silver-haired joint managing director of the £1,700,000 Ross Group, said that he would undercut Dawson's prices by 6d. a stone indefinitely. At the same time, Ron Turner, then chairman of Grimsby Fish Merchants' Association, announced: "The trawler owners have intimated to us that if any merchants buy Icelandic fish, their British supplies will be stopped."

October 14, 1953, was a day of tension in Grimsby. That morning, Dawson's first ship, the Ingolfur Arnarson, arrived from Iceland. She carried 33,000 stone, all but five thousand stone of it high quality cod. In the evening, Dawson gave a celebration party in his factory canteen.

Of that first cargo, lorries rushed a token consignment to Billingsgate. Arriving in London six hours after it had been landed, twenty-four hours ahead of normal schedule, it was quickly snapped up. Fifteen thousand stones went to Dawson's factory for processing and later dispatch to centres in the north, the midlands, the south coast and the west country. Everybody was waiting to see what would



When Britain banned Icelandic fish, it made other countries stop and think, says Jack Croft Baker, ex-president of the British Trawlers' Federation

happen to the rest of the catch which was laid out on the quayside for auction.

The auctioneer arrived shortly before dawn. The space behind the long line of baskets was packed. Latecomers stood on boxes or hung on ropes to get a better view. The auctioneer asked for bids. There was a dead silence. He asked again. Then a bald, keen-eyed man in check jacket and riding breeches spoke up. He was Jack Wright, head of a long-established family firm. He bought five hundred stones. Afterwards he said: "It was good fish at the right price. I've got a living to make."

A few hours later the words turned sour in his mouth. His ice supply was cut off.

But Dawson was not beaten yet. Many of the smaller merchants supported Wright and talked of forming a breakaway group. After a bad start in which no ships arrived for twenty days, Dawson offered regular supplies. Unless the merchants bought them, he said, he would sell "all over the country, at fixed and low prices."

The merchants held a meeting. By a majority of nineteen votes, they decided to lift their ban on Dawson's fish. But only 416 of 545 members were present. Chairman Turner ruled that the decision had to be confirmed by a postal ballot. Before it could be held, Jim

Crockett, secretary of the Federation of British Trawler Officers, sent them a letter: "Should all the merchants at any one port decide to purchase Icelandic-caught fish, then our members will only take to sea the vessels belonging to that port on the understanding that the fish caught is landed elsewhere."

The merchants reversed their decision by a vote of 295-188. That was the end for Dawson. When he parted company with the Icelanders, he claimed that his total losses were £100,000 and would have doubled within weeks.

Croft Baker announced that the way was now open for a settlement of the original dispute. Unfortunately months of negotiations led only to a brick wall: the Icelanders would not discuss the limits until Britain lifted the ban on her fish, and Britain would not lift the ban until Iceland adjusted the limits.

But the issue had wider implications. The Organization for European Economic Co-operation became worried when Iceland sharply increased her trade with the Soviet bloc. Worse, some Icelandic politicians were demanding that Iceland leave N.A.T.O. In 1955, the O.E.E.C. convened a conference consisting of two representatives of the Icelandic Government, two British Government representatives, two independent assessors and a Swiss chairman.

It proposed that Britain should lift its ban on Icelandic fish and that Iceland should promise not to extend its limits farther until the United Nations formulated a law on territorial waters.

The British trawler owners accepted the settlement. They were tired of the dispute. They found that in spite of the restrictions, they were catching more fish off Iceland than ever before. And they had made their point. It seemed unlikely that other nations would follow Iceland's example.

The handling of a current dispute confirms this opinion. Last April, skipper Dennis Roberts of the trawler Ashanti was fishing off The Faeroes. He had been careful to keep outside the limits which had been agreed on two years before. Without warning, several local boats came out and shot their lines across his tow. Roberts fished on. A gunboat appeared and ordered him away. Roberts refused and the gunboat gave up.

Experts connected the incident with a demand that had recently been made in the Faeroese parliament. Envious of Iceland's having got Britain to accept her claims, critics of the government were asking for a four-mile limit for The Faeroes.

Now, members of the British and Faeroese fishing industries are meeting to discuss the situation. "We must establish friendly relations," says Croft Baker. "If we sacrificed further fishing grounds, it would be serious for us."

THE END

Whaling vessels owned by Aristotle Onassis, the Greek magnate, were once caught fishing in Peruvian waters. He paid a fine of three million dollars



Big fish-eating countries like Britain have exhausted supplies around their own coasts. Our fishermen have to seek thousands of miles afield



Abdulla calls me a traitor

by SIR JOHN GLUBB

My letter put the King in a rage, and for once he doubted me. "If you don't want to serve us loyally you need not stay"



KING ABDULLA of Jordan was always on the move. He liked to visit the towns and villages of his kingdom, meeting his people. I, as commander of his army, the Arab Legion, often went, too.

One night we stayed in Ramallah, a town in the mountains about forty miles west of Amman, the capital of Jordan. A deputation of Moslem religious leaders called to pay their respects—seven or eight venerable old men with white turbans on their heads and long white beards. The King, though himself an extremely conscientious Moslem, was in a playful mood and could not resist teasing them.

The conversation turned to Ramadhan, the Moslem month of fasting, during which no Moslem is supposed to eat or drink from the first dawn to sunset.

"Why does smoking a cigarette break your fast?" the King asked the Mufti of Jerusalem.

"Because the smoke enters your body, your Majesty," the Mufti replied.

"Then what happens if the cook breathes in some smoke when he is cooking the dinner?"

"That does not break his fast, because such smoke is not delicious," said the Mufti solemnly.

A band was playing outside. "Does music break your fast?" asked the King.

"No, sir."

"Why not? It is much more delicious than cigarette smoke," said the King. "And why should a hypodermic injection break your fast? You cannot say that to be punctured with a needle is delicious."

His Majesty changed the subject. "Is it wrong to look at a pretty woman?" he inquired with assumed innocence.

The learned sheikhs pulled long faces and replied solemnly: "A sin, your Majesty, a sin."

The King gave me a sidelong glance with a wicked twinkle. "I don't see how you get that," he said. "The Holy Koran says: 'If you see a woman, avert your gaze.' Now, obviously you cannot avert your gaze unless you have already been looking."

The good sheikhs were somewhat taken aback by these views. The Mufti, however, who was not to be so easily defeated, remarked that we must insist that all women be veiled, and then no problem of looking at them would arise because they would be completely invisible.

"That's all very well," answered His Majesty. "But nowadays, far from veiling, they go and bathe in the sea. What are we going to do about that, O Mufti?"

But even the Mufti was a man. "Is that so?" he replied, also winking at the company. "What a pity I am no longer young!"

THE King's humour showed his high spirits even though the Arab-Israeli struggle in Palestine was in progress. In May, 1948, when the British mandate in Palestine had ended, bitter fighting had broken out between the Israelis and the neighbouring Arab countries.

The Arab Legion's advance on Jerusalem was an operation which, I suspect, no regular soldier would have undertaken. Because the collection of a force of proper size for the task would have meant abandoning all the rest of Palestine, the number of men of the 3rd Regiment who attacked the Sheikh Jarrah suburb at 3.45 a.m. on May 19 was a mere three hundred. Before them lay a great city containing 100,000 Jews.

The regiment was enlisted from the nomadic tribesmen of the desert—men of unquestioning faith and simple and straightforward outlook. The issue at stake in the battle seemed to them obvious. It was to save the Holy Places of Jerusalem—a duty imposed by the men's belief

Abdulla and Glubb walk hand in hand. Glubb warned the King that to end the truce in Palestine might destroy the Arab armies

in God and their devotion to the Arab Legion.

The Jews had for weeks been erecting concrete defences in their quarters of the city. But the Arab inhabitants had no leaders, no plan and no organization.

It was 7.30 a.m. before the attacking force completed the occupation of the suburb of Sheikh Jarrah and cleared it of the enemy. To capture the monastery of Notre Dame de France—a vast fortress at one time held by a party of Arab irregulars but now in the hands of Jews—soon became the final objective.

A week after our attack on Sheikh Jarrah, I went to call on Bill Newman, an Australian who was in command of the 3rd Regiment, at his headquarters.

At St. Stephen's Gate I climbed into an armoured car. A soldier slammed the door, calling out cheerfully: "In God's safe keeping!" Then the car chugged up a hill to the north-east corner of the Old City walls.

"We place our confidence in God," shouted the driver as we topped the rise beyond Herod's Gate, in full view of Notre Dame. The Jews had apparently been on the alert for this very thing. Within a matter of seconds, a deafening staccato of machine-gun fire broke out all around us. The armoured car lurched over the road—once a smooth tarred surface, now strewn with stones and debris.

Then the car swung sharply to the right and we entered a narrow side street. A row of houses shut us off from Notre Dame. Suddenly the machine-gun fire ceased.

The car pulled up. The heavy door swung back and a smiling soldier called out: "Praise God for your safety."

I clambered out. Tired and dirty soldiers saluted. A notice above an open door read: FERAL HOTEL.

I walked up a narrow staircase to a landing on the first floor. The windows towards Notre Dame had been blocked up with sandbags, so that the rooms seemed half dark when I entered them from the bright sunlight.

Bill Newman was sitting on a packing-case, a little drawn and unshaven. Other men came in. Mugs of tea appeared. The noise of machine-guns began again. Ghazi al Harbi, a veteran of thirty years of war up and down Arabia, came in and shook hands. The tears ran down his wrinkled and weather-beaten face as he begged for permission for one more try to take Notre Dame.

"We'll do it this time," he assured me.

But I vetoed any more attempts. The 3rd Regiment, although it now included two hundred men relieved in the Old City, was only five hundred strong, spread out over a thousand yards of streets and houses. Behind them, there was not a single soldier from Jerusalem to Amman.

Without a man in reserve and with ammunition which would scarcely be enough for another fortnight's fighting, we could not afford to embark on adventures, particularly in street fighting. The Old City had been relieved, the Holy Places saved, and a thin defensive line established across the city. The Jewish drive to seize the whole of Jerusalem had been stopped short. With this we must be contented.

Outside Jerusalem, thousands of square miles of country allotted to the Arabs under the United Nations partition scheme had to be defended, almost without troops, ammunition or money. How was it to be done? How long might the fighting last? We could not at this stage afford to lose precious trained soldiers merely to capture one block of buildings.

"We will take Notre Dame later on," I said.

"If God wills," replied Ghazi quietly. . . .

One morning during the fighting I was summoned to the royal palace in Amman. King Abdulla had that hollow expression which he wore in times of anxiety. "I conjure you by God to tell me the truth," he said. "Can we



When Glubb clashed with Jordan's Prime Minister in 1948, he was ordered to rest. With his wife and two of their children he flew to Britain. Everywhere he was asked: "Have you been sacked?"

hold on to Jerusalem, or will the Jews take it?"

"If God wills, they will never take it, sir," I answered.

"I want you to promise me," the King went on, "that if ever you think the Jews will take Jerusalem, that you will tell me. I will not live to see them in the Holy Places. I will go there myself and die on the walls of the city."

"If God wills, that will not happen," I said.

In the Old City the Jews resisted the Arab Legion for ten days, withdrawing gradually from house to house in the medieval rabbit-warren of the Jewish Quarter. On May 28, white flags appeared.

There were about 1,500 Jewish prisoners captured in the Old City, including women and children. About three hundred of the prisoners were soldiers, not residents of the Jewish Quarter. They had been sent in to fight, some before the end of the mandate and some before the arrival of the Arab Legion.

I visited the Old City shortly after the surrender. The prisoners had been moved to a large modern building, just beyond the limits of the Jewish Quarter.

Two days later, the soldier prisoners and young Jews of military age were transferred to a prisoner-of-war camp. The old men, women and children were sent across to the Jewish side, under the supervision of the Red Cross.

Thus was concluded a military operation which had been reported impracticable for an infantry brigade. Four years later, I stood on the rising ground overlooking Sheikh Jarrah with a distinguished British general, and described to him what had happened.

"Well I'm blessed!" he exclaimed. "Why, the whole thing was lunacy. That isn't soldiering."

"Anyway, it worked," I said.

"I advise you not to try a show like that a second time," he replied. . . .

Ever since I had been Commander of the Desert Area in Trans-Jordan before assuming command of the Arab Legion in 1939, I had interested myself in the problem of teaching children. Now that the Arab Legion was growing to meet the Palestine situation I had the



The Lebanese Prime Minister, Riyadh al Sulh, with Azzam Pasha (left) secretary of the Arab League. Riyadh al Sulh and the Egyptian premier, Nokrashy Pasha (below) were murdered



same problem, but on a larger scale. My soldiers had families, and the children had to be educated.

Within a few years we had built up an Army Education Branch which taught several thousand children. We derived a special advantage from this system. All the boys joined the Arab Legion on leaving school—not compulsorily but voluntarily.

In addition to schooling for their children, my officers and men wanted houses. As a result, we evolved a system of loans. Soon there was a long waiting list. Building advances were repaid by deductions from pay. As many applicants were busy all day—and so was I—it became customary to deal with building loans in my house at night.

A variety of private matters was also brought up. One soldier's brother was involved in a blood feud; the father of another had a lawsuit about land; a third wanted a letter to the Lands Department for a permit to plough up a piece of waste government ground; a fourth wanted to marry a girl whose father wished to give her to a more wealthy suitor.

These evening sessions soon expanded beyond the Arab Legion. Refugees, tribesmen and orphans with hard-luck stories rolled up in their dozens. Some we could help, some we could not. At about half-past nine my wife would call



After his dismissal by King Hussein last year, Glubb flew to Britain. At London Airport he held a press conference. Then he went to Chequers to report to Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister



King Abdulla when he visited London to sign a treaty giving his country independence. Five years later he was assassinated while going to prayers

plaintively: "The dinner will be ruined if you don't come soon."

Then I would hastily sign a few more forms and cheques and say: "That's enough. Finished! Anyone not dealt with can come tomorrow."

This procedure may sound chaotic to Europeans. Perhaps it was. But it was much more acceptable to Arabs than the cold regulations of government departments. In any case, government offices in the East tend to close their doors on the poor. Arabs, in spite of paper democratic institutions, still prefer to deal with a person than a department.

In the old days, Arab *amirs* used to sit at open meetings in the market squares of towns, and anyone could stand up and make a complaint. The *amir*, if he thought that the complaint was justified, would call up a slave or a retainer, and tell him what action to take. The slave would leave, accompanied by the petitioner, to right the latter's wrongs. It was rough and ready justice, but at least it was quickly settled; there were no lawyers to spin it out and impoverish plaintiff and defendant.

One day, when I was sitting in a village on the west bank of the Jordan, talking to the head-man, the conversation turned to the British Mandatory Government.

"They brought the Jews and ruined our country," said the old man. Then he shook his head sadly and added: "But the British were generous, and they always helped the poor."

Direct British rule is disappearing. History will record that we sailed the seas, that we conquered, that we ruled. But will it be recorded also that we helped the poor . . . ?

ON May 30 orders came from the British Government that all British Army officers seconded to the Arab Legion were to leave their commands immediately and withdraw from battle. The reason for this order was that the United Nations Security Council had adopted a British resolution calling for a four weeks' truce in Palestine. The resolution required all governments to refrain from giving military help to either side.

The withdrawal of our British officers was a terrible blow. They included all operational staff officers, both the brigade commanders, and the commanding officers of three of the four infantry regiments, and all the trained artillery officers.

Personally I was not affected, not being a

regular officer. Shortly afterwards, however, I received a communication from the British Legation. This document referred to a British law, known, I understand, as the Foreign Enlistments Act. It appeared that under this Act, I might be exposed to a charge of having taken service, "without His Majesty's cognizance," with a foreign power engaged in war.

I replied that if His Majesty had no cognizance of my presence in Jordan, His Majesty must be suffering from loss of memory. No action was taken against me.

On June 1 Count Folke Bernadotte, a member of the Swedish royal family, arrived in Amman as United Nations mediator between Arabs and Jews. Tall, slender, pleasant and earnest, with a quiet wit of his own, he at once impressed me as a man on whom I knew that I could rely.

Bernadotte worked untiringly for the four-week truce. The principle was that neither side should gain any military advantage thereby.

On June 7, we were officially notified that the truce would begin at 6 a.m. on June 11. As soon as it seemed to be established, I went to see the Prime Minister. I explained the precarious nature of our position. I asked if he would sanction further enlistments, so that we should be better placed if there were any more fighting.

"There won't be any more fighting," he said, shaking the first finger of his right hand from side to side. "I and Nokrashy Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, are agreed on that. And if we two are agreed, we can sway the rest of the Arab countries."

I tried to point out that events might not rest solely with us. What would happen if the Jews started fighting again?

But Taufiq Pasha was adamant. "No more fighting," he said, "and no more money for soldiers."

As a result, the priceless four-week respite was almost entirely wasted.

Although the Arab armies were favourably placed, we knew that they had in reality shot their bolt. They were now complaining of a lack of ammunition, whereas the Israelis were receiving arms from Czechoslovakia.

As the time approached for the truce to end, the Arab League Political Committee was summoned to Cairo. Before his departure, I begged Taufiq Pasha to insist on the renewal of the truce, impressing on him that the Arab armies would henceforth grow weaker and weaker, and that nothing could be gained by renewing hostilities. The King was no less emphatic.

However, the Arab countries, swayed by Egypt, decided to start fighting again.

The King was as distressed as myself at this decision. He never could see eye to eye with the Egyptians. He was a practical man, always ready to make a bargain or consider a compromise. . . .

From the beginning of hostilities, I had warned King Abdulla and the government that we could not hold Lydda and Ramle. Although the towns had been given to the Arabs in the Uno partition plan, they were situated on the flat coastal plain only fifteen miles from Tel Aviv, and were almost entirely surrounded by Jewish colonies. The King and the government agreed that to protect the towns would be much too costly in that it would mean seriously weakening our positions elsewhere.

We endeavoured to strengthen Lydda and Ramle as best we could by sending several hundred tribesmen there.

Then the Israelis launched a major attack. The inevitable happened. On the morning of July 12, Lydda and Ramle fell.

It was late that night, when I was already asleep, that the telephone rang by my bedside. It was Brigadier Lash, commander of our divisional headquarters. He told me what had happened. He said that in Ramallah, a town about eighteen miles east of Lydda and Ramle, the effect of the defeat, and of the flight of the refugees, was catastrophic. Officers and men of

the Arab Legion had been stoned in the streets, and had been hissed and cursed, with cries of: "Traitors! Traitors! Worse than Jews!"

Many refugees, he said, had nothing to eat. I arranged for bread from the troops' rations to be distributed there at once, and had truckloads sent in from Amman.

Admittedly I had never foreseen that the operations in Lydda and Ramle would have led to a human catastrophe on this scale. But even if I had known, what else could I have done? To have rushed troops impulsively forward to Lydda would have allowed the enemy to break through at Ramallah, and then the same scenes would have been enacted over the whole of Palestine.

It was unfortunate that, not long before the two towns were captured, Mr. Ernest Bevin had issued an appeal to both sides to cease fighting.

Palestinian Arabs are extremely intelligent, but their subtlety makes them unwilling to accept the obvious. They tend instinctively to seek a complicated and involved explanation for every event.

The fall of Lydda and Ramle, soon after Mr. Bevin's appeal, gave them a clue. Of course, that was the explanation. Mr. Bevin wanted the war to stop. The Jews had agreed to renew the truce, but the Arabs had refused.

Therefore, in order to persuade the Arabs to stop fighting, Mr. Bevin had ordered me to allow Israel to capture Lydda and Ramle. I had sacrificed Arab interests in order to further Britain's wicked intrigues.

MEANWHILE, Count Bernadotte was active at Lake Success. The United States member of the Security Council, Mr. Jessup, had submitted a draft resolution, in which the Security Council "ordered" the governments concerned in the war to cease fire.

Fearing that the Arabs would again reject a truce and that, as a result, the Egyptian Army in particular—the largest of the Arab armies—would meet with serious reverses. I wrote a letter to Taufiq Pasha urging that the fighting should stop.

Two hours after sending this personal letter, I was summoned to the palace. The whole Cabinet

was in session there. Taufiq Pasha, holding my letter, sat beside the King.

I was motioned to a chair amid a tense silence. Then Taufiq Pasha asked His Majesty for permission to read my letter. He began in a voice which seemed to be almost choking with rage.

The King looked grim. For the first and only time in the long years during which I served him, he also doubted me. "If you don't want to serve us loyally, there is no need for you to stay," he said.

Ministers took up the attack. "Very remarkable that we never heard anything about a shortage of ammunition until Mr. Bevin wanted the fighting to stop," said one.

"They say the stores are full of ammunition," said another.

A dramatic silence followed. I made no defence. What was the good of arguing? I knew what they thought, and in their state of mind at the time I could not have convinced them to the contrary.

I did not feel annoyed. I only felt tired. What was the good of it all? The troops were fighting against desperate odds. In Ramallah they were being hissed at as traitors. The King and the Cabinet were calling me a traitor, and suggesting that I was allowing my own soldiers to be killed, for some remote political reason. In London, an M.P. had asked in the House of Commons how it was that a brutal British general was allowed to commit outrages against the Jews.

We sat in silence for several minutes. Then I turned towards the King. "May I go now, sir?" I asked.

"All right," he replied.

I walked across the room, turned at the door and saluted, and went out. There was nothing else to be done. . . .

The principal object of all the Israeli operations during the ten days of fighting in the Lydda-Ramle area had been the capture of Latrun, a town about ten miles south-east of Ramle. On July 18 they decided to put in all their forces in one final effort. The attack was carried out by two brigades, supported by an armoured force of five tanks, ten Bren-gun carriers and a number of armoured half-tracks.

All the afternoon I sat in my office waiting

Continued on page 53

Count Bernadotte (left) went to Jerusalem as Uno mediator. He died there—killed by terrorists





New Spangles Peppermints are double wrapped
to keep all the flavour in and all the dirt out!





"In less than twenty minutes we were on with Bill's bookie," the little man said. "At a hundred to seven—well, work it out for yourself"

The Bird Lover by NEIL BELL

*I can recognize a fellow twister. But I was the poorer after
this one had put a cool two thousand on his dead cert*

My door bell rang. My wife, who protects me from bores, duns, cadgers, and scroungers, was out shopping and I was alone in our small house. I had just finished a painting, and if you were one of the knowing ones you'd have said it was a Manet. That is what you were meant to think and to say, for that's my job. I'm not quite in the Van Meegeren class, but I'm pretty hot.

I'm not a forger of pictures. Let's keep to the truth. I sign nothing. My dealer commissions me to do, say, a Manet flower piece, or one of Gauguin's Tahiti nudes, or even a Gainsborough portrait. I paint what he commissions and he pays me from fifty to two hundred a picture, depending on the size of the canvas.

He shows them in his rooms in Old Bond Street. A Yank comes in and goes over to, say, my Manet still-life, and cocks his head on one side and says knowledgeably: "That's a Manet. How much?"

My dealer gives his hands a dry wash, smiles oilyly, and says: "It's ascribed to Manet, but

may be by one of his pupils. I won't guarantee it, sir."

"How much?" the Yank asks again and my dealer weighs him up carefully and says: "A thousand dollars. I can't ask more, sir. If it is a Manet, then you've got a bargain, for almost a sister piece was sold in Paris last week for ten thousand dollars."

The Yank shells out his dollars. He doesn't care a dime if the picture's genuine or not. He may be a dealer himself, in which case he'll plant it on a sucker at home for ten thousand. Or he may be just a collector and he'll stick it on the wall back home and tell everyone it's a Manet and that Manet didn't sign many of his pictures, or some similar lie. So everybody's happy and no harm done.

It was a thousand to one against the person ringing my bell being a prospective buyer, for I rarely paint except on commissions from my dealer. So whoever was at the door was probably a visitor, probably a stranger, and unwelcome in one way or another. I was very

comfortable in my studio and outside there was a gale of driving rain. To go and open the front door meant facing something of that, if only for part of a minute. I decided to do nothing.

The bell rang again, more insistently.

I'm as curious as the next man and as romantically minded as a woman. I'm always inclined to believe there's a fortune waiting round the next corner. I had a struggle not to go down.

It rang again, a long, long peal. I went down and opened the door and, as I looked the man up and down, I knew what he would want.

"I do hope you'll forgive me, sir," he said humbly, "but could you spare me two minutes?"

"Not here," I said, and pondered on his dripping overcoat and sodden shoes.

"I could stand inside, sir."

I dislike being called "sir" and the whine in his voice irritated me. I was about to say sharply: "I've nothing for you. Go away." And then he looked up at me like a sick terrier—he was a little man—and smiled wanly, and then lowered his eyes. It was a trick he'd no

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

doubt practised for years. I suppose it worked five times out of ten.

"I can't stand here," I said sharply. "Come inside."

I led the way up to my studio and told him to sit down. He refused a cigarette but accepted a drink, so I gave him a British sherry out of a Gonzalez bottle. I keep this for the ordinary visitor. To more important ones I give the same sherry out of a Harvey bottle. Almost invariably I get the same comment: "A nice sherry this." So much for palates. And just as much for wine connoisseurs as for art critics.

My bedraggled terrier didn't quite achieve this phrase but he got near. He said: "A very nice wine, sir."

"Are you a commercial traveller?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Then stop calling me 'sir.'"

He passed no comment on this but cocked an eye at the painting I had just finished. It was a still-life: a pheasant, two woodcocks, and a mallard. "I don't hold with shooting birds," he said.

"A bird lover."

He seemed to be brooding over something and did not reply for some time. Then he jerked his thumb towards the picture and said: "It was a man shooting a partridge that ruined me."

"That's a pheasant."

"Well, perhaps mine was. I'm no bird fancier. Partridge or pheasant, it cooked my goose." He shot me a faint grin which said "That's not too bad."

"What do you want to see me about?"

"I'll come straight to the point, sir—sorry—and not waste your time. I've a job waiting for me in London—"

"And you want the fare."

"If you could see your way. . . ."

"Do you know how many jobs I've heard are waiting in London?"

He made no reply but put on again the sick terrier look and I cursed myself for a sap and said: "You tell me your pheasant story and if it's worth a quid I'll give you one. Not a penny more. And if it's a dud story you get nothing at all."

He hesitated and then said diffidently: "I reckon, come to think of it, it must've been a partridge. Do you happen to know, s-s-er—sorry—when pheasant shooting starts?"

"October first."

"Then it was a partridge, for this was in September and the race was the St. Leger."

"Have you begun yet?"

"I'm beginning. But I've got to tell you about my friend Hawkins, Bill Hawkins."

"He used to be a golf pro down in Surrey

and he was mustard. Always played scratch in tournaments. He came into some money and packed up work and went to live down in Sussex and joined a posh golf club as a member. He used to win most of the tournaments.

"He soon begun to run through his money, backing horses and the dogs, and women and that sort of thing. And it was then I met him and we became friendly like at first and then proper buddies. You see, I'd done him a good turn and he was grateful-like or we'd never have got as thick as we did."

He stopped and the brooding expression again clouded his face and he was silent quite a while. I itched to ask about the good turn but thought it would come better from him unprompted.

BUT I was disappointed, for presently he went on: "Running in the St. Leger that year was Sir Isaac Meyerstein's Rosebud and she was reckoned so much a cert that weeks before the race she stood at two to one on. There'd never been anything like it. The only other really fancied horse was Lord Cheney's Sunspot which was, at the end of August, a hundred to seven. There were a few others shorter but that meant nothing. There are always suckers bunging money in wads on daft fancies and shortening the odds.

"Don't forget bookies are men and not machines like ruddy totes, and when money keeps lumping in on a horse they begin to get thoughtful, even though at the back of their minds they're certain it hasn't an earthly. And down come the odds and all the smaller bookies begin to lay it off.

"There were all sorts of fancied mounts running in the St. Leger that year, but the people who knew—and Bill Hawkins was one—weren't foxed. They knew that, if Rosebud ran, it would win, and if it didn't run, then it was the Bank of England to a jam jar Sunspot would be first past the post and no ruddy photo-finish neither.

"Trouble was, there was some doubts about Rosebud. The wide boys said she was limping. Her trainer wouldn't talk. Sir Isaac was interviewed and said: 'And who says she won't run?' Her jockey Macallum wasn't the sort to be either pumped or bribed. And that, it seemed, was that.

"The day before the St. Leger—it was on the ninth that year—all the papers said Rosebud was running, and so Sunspot stayed steady at a hundred to seven.

"Now that day, the day before the St. Leger, Bill's golf club was running its annual tournament and Bill had been drawn against Sir Isaac Meyerstein. That was giving it on a plate to

Bill, for he'd done the course under bogey half a dozen times and old Meyerstein was not much more than a rabbit.

"It was then that Bill thought up his plan to make a packet. He was to put in fifteen hundred—about all he had left—and I scraped my barrel and found the odd five hundred. If it came off, we were in the money. If it didn't, it didn't bear thinking about.

"Bill's plan was to get old Meyerstein in a good mood by allowing him to be ahead at the end of the tenth hole, and by then he banked on having got out of him if Rosebud was going to run. If you'd known Bill, you'd know it was a cinch. When he turned it on, he could smile a bone out of a dog's mouth.

"The eleventh hole wasn't long and was easy except for a large bunker about sixty yards from the green. Most players got into it. Bill never did. Easy as pie to him.

"Thirty yards to the right of the bunker was a big clump of gorse. The tee for the eleventh hole was near Sir John Leary's preserves. I had to hide behind the gorse clump with field glasses glued on the tee to see who drove off. If Bill's ball landed in the bunker, that meant Rosebud wasn't running next day, and I was to hare off to our waiting car and skin back to the nearest safe telephone box and put two thousand on Sunspot to win. No each way stuff for us. With Rosebud out of it, Sunspot was a cert and we were going to cash in on it. But if Bill missed the bunker then it meant the old man wouldn't talk and I did nothing. See?"

"No."

"Clear as daylight. As soon as it was known Rosebud was out of it, Sunspot would drop to about evens. Now old Meyerstein hadn't told anybody so far, and couldn't let anyone know till he'd finished the game. Twig? So I'd have an hour's start and get all our dough on.

"I watched through my glasses and saw Bill drive off the eleventh. I thought I heard something, and saw something away behind him, but my eyes were glued on Bill.

"And—plonk! Smack into the middle of the bunker came Bill's ball. That was enough for me." The little man leaned forward. "I'd have beat Bannister to our car. In less than twenty minutes we were on with Bill's bookie. At a hundred to seven—well, work it out for yourself. A ruddy fortune."

The little man stopped and gnawed his nails.

"Yes?" I said.

"Strike a light—Rosebud ran and won by half the ruddy course. When Bill was what they call dressing his ball, and just as he took his swing, a ruddy partridge flew out of the wood and some perisher let fly at it, and what with one thing and another Bill fozzled his shot and it landed in the bunker for the first time since he joined the club."

He brooded a long moment. "Old Meyerstein hadn't given anything away, and Bill had played for the green to show our bet was off.

"It finished us. Skinned alive. Don't know what happened to Bill—but I'm down to this."

He turned on me his sick terrier look and I fished a pound note out of my pocket and handed it over.

"Thanks a lot," he said. "I suppose you couldn't make it two? That'd leave me a few bob when I get there."

I handed it over.

"I won't forget this," he said; and I thought he was going to cry. He refused another drink and shuffled himself out of the room and I watched him let himself out.

Ten minutes later I missed my gold cigarette case. I didn't do anything. It wasn't gold. Just fake Brummagem stuff. Even the cigarettes inside were fake; herbal things I smoke for my asthma. I'd have given something to see his face when he lit one. Or tried to sell the gold case.

Dear old humanity. A bunch of spivs and crooks. Not you, of course, madam. Nor you, sir. Merely most of the rest of us. THE END

TWO NEW COMPLETE STORIES

Queen of Egypt

by BRIAN CLEEVE

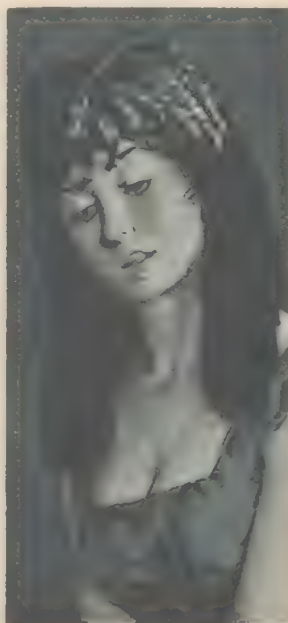
"There's death in the cards tonight," the gipsy whispered. "But not for me . . . never for me!"

A Life to Share

by STUART CLOETE

Everybody laughed at Simple Simon—the local character. Yet only he could master the sea's fury

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



The Queen was as vivid as lightning in a black cloud

Does the boss buy your lunch?

by GEORGE BRUCE

Free meal vouchers are booming. Business men know that footing the 3s. bill can mean a happier staff—and a boost in production

Two prosperous-looking business men loudly discussed their Stock Exchange investments in a famous London restaurant recently and then offered luncheon vouchers in part settlement of the bill. The habit, it seemed, was spreading *upwards*. Since the end of the war the voucher system has swept London and the main centres of commerce in the provinces as the black-coated workers' midday hedge against inflation.

In London alone it has developed into a booming industry with an annual turnover of £5 million and with about six thousand firms participating. These cover every kind of office, including bookmakers and the Lord's Day Observance Society, the Variety Artists' Federation and the Moscow Narodny Bank. Each working day they issue 175,000 vouchers representing £100,000 worth of lunches in a five-day week.

About one thousand firms in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow and Bristol issue £2,870 worth of vouchers to their staffs every day.

Employers distribute vouchers mainly as an aid to staff relations and to keep office workers settled. Some use them as an alternative to a staff canteen, and there are cases of canteens having been closed and voucher schemes started instead.

One London garment manufacturer is said to have increased output by twelve per cent through converting his canteen into a production line. Another firm's director traced the source of staff troubles to the canteen. The problem ended, he said, when he gave out vouchers and office workers could eat with their friends instead of their supervisors.

The first known commercial user of luncheon vouchers in Britain is a doctor with a large private clinic in London. In 1946 he noticed that his office workers were far from fit. His inquiries showed that they spent so much on nylons, cigarettes and records that they skimped on meals. He consulted his accountant, who suggested the voucher system as a way of ensuring regular midday meals.

It was soon evident to many employers that the system had advantages for them, too. Staff sickness rates tended to fall, and there was an

attractive tax-free element about it as the cost could be offset against taxable profits.

In a recent "Situations Vacant" column of an evening newspaper, three-quarters of the advertisements specified free luncheon vouchers. One firm, Forte's, runs a restaurant in the City restricted to the employees of two companies, and only luncheon vouchers are accepted in payment.

The Inland Revenue is cautious in its attitude to luncheon vouchers. Although they have been in vogue for years, and have been accepted as a charge against profits, the tax men only admit that they will not *normally* be counted as wages. It is also laid down that vouchers are not transferable, should be used only in named restaurants substituting for an office canteen, are for the lowest-paid staff, and should not exceed three shillings in value. Finally, the tax men insist that vouchers are for lunches only and not for sweets, tobacco and alcohol.

Not all of these conditions are invariably observed. One restaurateur recalls two typists who each produced a three-shilling voucher for a two-shilling lunch and then asked for a packet of cigarettes to make up the difference.

As a check against misuse, the firm issuing most of London's meal tickets, Luncheon Vouchers, employs a security officer, John Barty. A tall investigator with thinning red hair, Barty goes around for five days a week buying snacks on vouchers. He has so far been offered beer by a publican against a two-shilling voucher, sweets by a café proprietor, and tea and coffee by caterers with grocery connections. Such irregularities have averaged ten per cent of his total calls in the last six months.

Offenders turned up by Barty are warned by letter that their establishments will be struck off the list of authorized caterers unless they



Vouchers encourage workers to eat lunch regularly, without skimping it. One doctor found that his office staff spent lunch money on records and nylons

mend their ways. "So far," says John Hack, secretary and director of Luncheon Vouchers, "we have not had to carry out the threat."

Among some restaurateurs, Hack is known as "Mr. Voucher." As a chartered accountant employed by a City firm, he became interested in the system as a result of the participation of some of his clients. In 1954 he launched his own service, supplying vouchers to employers and carrying through the entire transaction between them and the caterers for a percentage of the used vouchers' value. Two years ago, nine leading London caterers bought out the enterprise, but retained Hack in his present rôle. Today, employers pay two and a half per cent of the vouchers' value for the service if the account is met within fourteen days, and one and a half per cent for orders of £1,000 upwards.

The system has its opponents, and has generated reactions from those under-privileged office workers denied regular meal tickets. An official of the Society of Civil Servants has complained that vouchers have "settled like a plague on the City of London" and that such "perks" must be considered when civil service pay is set against industrial wage levels. Private enterprise, too, has produced opposition. The chairman of a large radio company claimed that luncheon vouchers meant that the taxpayer was subsidizing the restaurants and business firms within the scheme.

At present, between 150 and two hundred firms are joining the scheme every month. The "featherbed" did not look so comfortable to one employer, however. He bought several hundred pounds' worth of vouchers only to return them three days later—unused. He had thought that the service charge was met by the restaurant and not by his own firm. Hack sent the boss his money back.

THE END



JOHN BERRY

Next year Nainu would have a gun. But now he had to face this savage land with only his courage . . . and his dogs

NAINU brought his family down out of Tibet into India on their yearly migration to Rokh Bazaar; and he walked with his pack of wild mastiffs to the gunsmith.

"A rifle," he said.

To which the gunsmith, a Pathan, replied: "I make only to order. If you will leave instructions with me, and half the money, I shall have the piece ready for you on your visit next year."

"We must return soon into the wild places," Nainu reminded him. "There are more wolves this year than previously, and every morning on our way down here the tracks of leopards ringed our camp. They are short of food, therefore more bold. Also, we saw the fires of brigands."

"You have many fierce dogs—my faith, look at the black one! And a good knife in your belt there."

"Yes," agreed Nainu. The knife was the great chopping knife with which he slaughtered their domestic animals. He and his people were of the Buddhist faith, but altitude forced them to eat meat.

Nainu was a Bhotia from Tibet, the highest country in the world, where every glacier holds gold, and where, in the lakes, are salt and water-fowl. He was a fine figure of a man. Short. Broad. His fair skin was burned almost black by those winds and by that light reflecting from snow.

He had clear tan eyes, almost hazel, and high cheekbones with a ruddy shine on them, and a wide nose. Like all his people, he was laughter-loving; but as he stood there, hand on knife, in his pack of quarrelling dogs, they all looked exactly what they were—savage and unapproachable.

Especially Nainu himself, and Chang, the biggest dog, who could be seen always beside him. These menacing animals were Tibetan mastiffs, brought up on raw meat and blows. They were big and of every different colour.

Among them Chang stood out tall as a lion, brindled, with a black saddle and a fine plume of a tail. Neither he nor his master had ever had more than a rub in snow for a bath. Chang's coat was so thick it could scarce have been parted to find the skin.

"Well, how much time do you require, then, to make a rifle?" Nainu asked. "We shall be here several days yet."

The Bhotias had salt and yak tails to barter, and hides, as well as musk, borax, herbs and the wool of shawl goats. Then they had to load their animals with tea, sugar, tobacco, matches, needles and all those other things that were to be had down here. Such exchanges and packings could not be accomplished in a hurry. Besides, the women wished to collect the jewellery they

The leopard did not spring away from the goat. He crouched and snarled: in the snow he shone gold—a beautiful, dreadful killer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

JOURNEY INTO SNOW

by NORAH BURKE

had ordered last year. And they must choose cloth. That alone meant they would not be ready yet.

"We have children in camp," Nainu pressed, "and a new baby or two about to be born. I must be able to protect my family."

"Next year," the Pathan insisted.

So Nainu ordered his rifle for next year. He had hoped for a firearm, but it did not matter. He and his brothers and sons and the mastiffs would bring them all safely through everything, as they so often had before. . . .

During the next few days Nainu and his family completed their barter and packed, ready for the journey back into the high Himalayas. The little saddlebags of their sheep and goats, which they used as pack animals, were emptied of the produce of their barren lands and filled instead with the manufactures of civilization which would help them through another year.

So at last, in a hubbub of bleating goats and sheep and snarling dogs, in clouds of sunlit dust, they set off.

Soon Rokh Bazaar, with its flat roofs of beaten earth, with all its dirt and smells and beggars and pilgrims and visiting Bhotias, was dwindling below them. Here the wind smelled already of frost and resin. Its cool touch had an immediate effect on Nainu, who began to feel braced and happy. Soon there would be the exciting cold of snow. It had been horribly hot down at ten thousand feet in Rokh Bazaar. Now, up here he could breathe again as he strode along with his family and animals.

He thought once or twice regretfully of next year's rifle, but he had a stout staff in his hand instead, and his big knife, and Chang trotting beside him, as well as other good fighters, both man and beast.

Now and then he counted his flock and his family to be sure none had separated from the rest. It did not do to be alone in these parts. If anyone loitered, he sent Chang to bring the wanderer in.

They travelled at a comfortable walk; not fast, because there was so much to carry, including a blanketful of puppies still too small and butter-fat to walk. But their loads did not inconvenience the pack animals, apparently, for they fed as they went, even sometimes springing up shoulders of rock to reach some special plant. Often the little cavalcade stopped to brew buttered tea.

When evening came, Nainu pitched camp in an arm of cliff and they set up the big tent. It was of yak hair, thirty feet long, rectangular, with an opening the full length of the top to release smoke, and they put stones along the bottom to hold the sides down.

The animals were got together into one place with the dogs to guard them, but during the night a goat was taken by a leopard. The Bhotias followed the trail to collect the remains of the goat for food and found the place where it had been eaten. But they found there was no

meat left, because the killer had been hungry and had finished the lot at a sitting.

"We must hurry along," Nainu decided at once. "Otherwise we shall still be in his territory tomorrow night." They had a long, hazardous journey to make, and could not afford to lose animals on the way.

"But our tea . . ." his family grumbled, supping at metal cups that were hot enough to take skin off.

Nainu handled his own drink with respect. He knew it to be hotter than it looked, for it was swimming with rancid butter and so gave off no steam. But he could not wait, so he threw in a handful of barley meal and, not giving it time to soak, swallowed it.

"Come," he commanded.

They struck camp and marched.

That afternoon they entered valleys where poisonous aconite grew and had to stop to fix bamboo muzzles on the sheep and goats. This delayed them, and Nainu began to look about anxiously for a suitable camping place where they might have time to collect enough branches before dark for fires that would last all night. Besides, the pack animals could not now feed as they travelled, so there must be time in the evening to pasture them.

PRESENTLY he chose a suitable slope which he and the others picked over to remove every poisonous leaf. Then he released the animals on it, under supervision, and the rest of the family gathered firewood.

They set up their usual camp. Nainu beheaded one of the goats, the women cooked it. Then they sat there, digging with sticks into the scummy fat of the stew, and throwing pieces to the dogs who fought murderously for the stinging mouthfuls. Smoke, with the perfume of pinecones in it blew about, together with the stench of an old tent. Anyone else would have been choked and blinded, but these people were used to it all.

They were savages. They had to be. No others could survive the conditions of their life, for they had to get their living from deserts where cruel winds carve the snow, and nomadic herdsmen must be constantly moving their flocks to any place where steppe grasses offer a little grazing. They must withstand blizzard and famine. Their women must herd and carry as well as spin and weave.

That night Nainu and the dogs spent in the open with their animals, and nothing troubled them. Once Chang raised his head with a growl, and his hair stood up. But it was nothing—only a whine of wind in far gorges—and his master cuffed him for his mistake, receiving a show of teeth in response. The dog sank down again beside him, and Nainu dropped a hand on the rough head.

The next night a goat was taken, and after that a sheep.

"It is the same leopard," said Nainu. "Look

at the tracks." The Bhotias were now crossing high passes into their home plateaux, and should have left his territory by now. "He is following us," Nainu worried. "A large, single male leopard, perhaps rather old. Look at this very pale hair on this thorn." He sniffed at it, just the way Chang did. He looked all round the silent hills.

"Oh, another night or two and we shall have left him behind," said one of the young men.

Nainu shook his head. "He is short of food, as we sometimes are, too. After all, what is there for him to eat here? Marmot? Mouse-hares? He is perhaps not agile enough to catch *gooral* and antelope. We shall have no animals left soon."

The position was serious. Nainu had had experience before of a leopard that took to domestic flocks. A family without animals up here in this harsh country could die of hunger, and no herd could withstand regular reduction by a beast of prey.

On that other occasion he moved his camp thirty miles in one day and so threw the predator off. Such tactics were not now possible. His family was too laden with a year's marketing to move far or fast just yet, and some of the women not in a condition to manage their usual loads.

Another thing—goat-killing was sometimes a prelude to man-eating. By such habits a leopard would begin to lose his fear of men.

"Bigger fires," Nainu ordered, "and a more careful watch."

This they did, and for three nights there was peace, so they began to hope the leopard had indeed at last dropped behind. But fires were presenting more and more of a problem as trees became scarce and stunted; and on the fourth night the leopard visited them again.

He was ravenous, and he had by this time so often been successful that he was now contemptuous of man and flame. Then, too, tonight, owing to the scarcity of dead wood, they had to use all green, and the camp fires were not so bright as usual, in spite of the Bhotias' efforts.

Suddenly, in the glow from the embers, he was there among the shadows, not even troubling to hide himself; a yellow ghost. Nainu leaped to his feet with a shout that startled the rocks. Any ordinary wild animal would have vanished, but this one attacked the nearest goat under Nainu's very nose; and he scattered flock, dogs, everyone, with the speed and thrust of his assault.

For a tenth of a second Nainu saw the yellow, spotted body lying along the goat's spine, saw horns thrown up in unnatural contortion as the poor creature's head was wrenched back and round, saw the starting eyes. He heard the strangled cry, the crack of the vertebrae.

It was done. The leopard let go his killing hold, snatched instead into a carrying one and, was bounding away with his plunder.

The dogs were after him in a second. Chang, stretched at full gallop, was splitting to cut

Continued on page 42

ON one of the rare occasions when the B.B.C. cast aside dignity, a producer telephoned Adele Leigh, the opera singer, and invited her to appear at this year's Radio Show.

"We should like you to sing a duet," he explained, "and then fall backwards into a boat."

Miss Leigh drew herself up to a full five feet nine inches and, in a voice she has described as "a fresh, young, pure lyric soprano," gave the B.B.C. a chilly refusal.

The mistake that the B.B.C. made in misjudging Miss Leigh was understandable. Only a year ago she had turned her back on Covent Garden to make a film with Harry Secombe of the Goons, and recently the former principal singer with the Royal Opera House had been appearing on ITV in the company of comedians Alan Young and Max Wall.

This temporary flirtation with light entertainment now seems over. Miss Leigh is once again heading towards international operatic stardom. At twenty-nine, she gives herself six more years to reach her prime. If she does attain her goal, she will be a prima donna in the classical tradition, combining musicianship with temperament and glamour.

"Adele," says a woman friend, "will never be seen entering an opera house, even for rehearsal, in a multiple store dress."

During rehearsals for a television programme she discovered that the orchestra accompanying her aria was to be led by a conductor of popular music. She demanded that a conductor with Covent Garden experience should be hired immediately. She got her way.

Commercial television producer Brian Tesler once succeeded in getting Miss Leigh to sing: "I'd Like To Do Things For You."

"It took time and persuasion," Tesler says. "I named some famous singers who occasionally sang popular tunes without harming their

Adele Leigh goes her own sweet way

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

She has glamour, a golden voice, and a time-table—six years in which to become a star of international opera

reputations. Even then Adele said that she was terrified that she would not be good enough with a light song. On the show it went over so well that she began wondering about working up a night club act."

Miss Leigh says that she has been asked to sing in night clubs but that she refuses to consider such offers.

A few months ago a group of industrialists offered her seventy-five guineas to sing three songs at a banquet in Claridge's hotel. It was suggested that two of the numbers might come from the works of Ivor Novello.

Although the engagement called for two light pieces, Miss Leigh gave her audience three arias. "She sang so well," says one member of the party, "that we didn't get around to complaining that she had ignored Novello until the next day."

When she sang *Madame Butterfly* on television, Miss Leigh took the problem of costuming herself out of the hands of the wardrobe department and went to a friend of the Japanese Ambassador. The friend not only provided an authentic kimono but went to the studios to drape the singer in it.

This stickling attitude to her work has had its rewards. Apart from her not inconsiderable film fee, Miss Leigh has tripled her income since

she abandoned the security and prestige of her contract—about £50 a week—as a principal with the Covent Garden company.

When Miss Leigh left for the film studios a spokesman for the opera company suggested that she was no great loss and that in her last year she had not fulfilled her early promise. Miss Leigh says that she decided to leave the company to obtain her own choice of rôles and that one of her aims was to appear at Covent Garden with the status of guest artist.

Adele Leigh's relations with Covent Garden were not improved by press accounts describing her as a "prima donna." She herself has never adopted this title, although she has not concealed her ambition in this direction.

"When a singer starts calling herself a prima donna," Miss Leigh says, "that's the end."

Some people forecast a dismal future for the girl who abandoned the company for films and television. However, this month she will return to the Royal Opera House, according to plan, as guest star in *The Marriage Of Figaro*.

Although she planned to return to Covent Garden, Miss Leigh was not prepared for the invitation that she received from the Vienna State Opera. She went to Austria for a holiday last July and met the opera's director at a party. When he asked her if she would like to appear in *Die Fledermaus*, she replied: "Are you sure you want me?"

Miss Leigh returned to London and hired a tutor to polish her accent. She spent more than her fee for two performances on tutoring and coaching for the part. In September she went back to sing Strauss before Viennese audiences and earned critical appreciation for her accent as well as for her musicianship.

The final performance of *Die Fledermaus* was on Sunday, September 29. Twenty-four hours later Adele was in front of the television cameras in London supplementing her income by singing an aria between comedy sketches on the Max Wall show.

To sing in Max Wall's programme and to increase what she considers to be an inadequate radio and TV ration of classical music, she rose at 6 a.m., caught a plane to London, rehearsed in the afternoon and then performed the same night.

Normally on the day when she is going to sing in a concert or a major rôle, she gets up late and walks in Hyde Park after breakfast. She avoids talking throughout the day, lunches at 2 p.m. and then sleeps. At six o'clock she begins preparations for her performance. Before appearing she may take a small glass of champagne, but she does not eat again until 11 p.m.

Miss Leigh, who does not smoke or drink, has been cautious with champagne since an appearance in opera at Ingestre Hall, the home of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, near



Adele Leigh lives in a flat in London. She likes to walk the two miles to the Royal Opera House



As a relaxation from singing in opera, she enjoys cooking and giving dinner parties



With Harry Secombe, comedian of *The Goon Show*, Adele Leigh makes a film scene on the stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Stafford. Last spring the Earl staged two operas for 250 guests on each of three successive nights.

One of the works was Manuel de Falla's *Master Peter's Puppet Show*, in which Adele appeared as a boy narrator. According to her practice, she tried to improve on her performance each night. Celebrations began before the final show and somebody placed a glass of champagne in her hand. When Adele went on stage the combination of wine and excitement caused her to dry up.

"My mind went blank," she recalls. "It was only for a matter of seconds, but it seemed like an eternity before I heard the prompter."

IN her favourite shoes, Miss Leigh increases her natural height by three inches to five feet nine. As a concession to her five foot seven inch leading man, Harry Secombe, in the forthcoming film *Davy*, she played most of her scenes in her stockinged feet.

Secombe has a singing voice that Adele admires, and it was he who persuaded her to make her first ITV performance in a duet from *Madame Butterfly*. She sang with knees bent so that their heads would appear on the same level for the cameras.

To appear with Secombe in a film she had to shed thirty pounds at a rate of three pounds a week to reach her present eight and a half stone. The reduction offered no great problem. "I have been known," Miss Leigh says, "to lose two or three pounds during the performance of an opera."

Adele Patricia Leigh was born in Marylebone on June 15, 1928. Her father died when she was

a baby, her mother became a business woman and Adele was brought up by grandparents.

According to her mother, Adele began an interest in music at the age of two and started lessons as soon as she could.

As a schoolgirl, she went to Sadler's Wells to see her first opera. "The acting was awful," Adele recalls. "The women were fat and lumbered around the stage with no pride in their appearance."

The future opera singer persuaded her mother to send her to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. When her mother married again and went to live in New York, Adele enrolled at the Juilliard School of Music.

The producer of a Broadway musical comedy gave Adele an audition and told her that she wasn't at all what was wanted. She then returned to London, ostensibly to attend a friend's wedding, but took the opportunity to seek auditions from Covent Garden and the late Sir Charles Cochran.

The twenty-year-old girl received offers from both the opera and musical comedy companies. She chose Covent Garden, signed a small-part contract at £20 a week and promptly began spending £8 a week on singing lessons.

The decision to turn down musical comedy is one that Miss Leigh does not regret. She estimates that she has added ten years to her professional life by forgoing nightly singing in musicals. In opera and on the concert stage, she seldom sings more than three times a week and, at this rate, she hopes to be singing professionally in her sixties.

At Covent Garden Miss Leigh worked up from

minor to major rôles. Two years ago, when illness forced a Viennese soprano to give up the rôle of Manon in Massenet's opera, Miss Leigh earned her first triumph at Covent Garden by mastering the score in eight days of rehearsal. Normally an opera star is given several weeks or months to prepare for a new part.

After five years at Covent Garden, Miss Leigh was told by a critic that she had gone as far as she could with her current style of singing. He advised her that her quick rise had not been as good for her career as a long apprenticeship.

Miss Leigh sought a new teacher and, at twenty-seven, changed her method of singing completely.

When she was not practising, Miss Leigh found time to fight for recognition. When the Royal Opera House produced the new opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, the advertisements mentioned directors, conductors and chorus masters but no singers. Adele stormed into the executive offices and demanded that the names of the four leading artists should be added.

The protest added little to her popularity but it did result in an amended poster incorporating the singers' names.

Now that Adele Leigh has left the company, news reports that she issues about her activities always refer to "the former Covent Garden soprano." These words automatically ensure that the press-cutting agencies send copies to the Royal Opera House.

Both Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells companies, who frowned on her flirtation with films and television, have reacted by inviting her back to sing.

THE END

4.50 FROM PA

Another murder without a

"Who would have sneaked in and tampered with the food?" asked Bryan. Lucy said: "I suppose I'm the most likely person, really"

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

motive! The inspector knew he was as far as ever from a

solution. And Miss Marple just waited . . .



MRS. MCGILLICUDDY looked into a lighted carriage of the passing train and drew her breath in with a gasp. Standing with his back to the window was a man. His hands were round the throat of a woman who faced him, and he was slowly, remorselessly strangling her. . . .

Mrs. McGillicuddy reported the incident, but it was weeks before the body was found—in a sarcophagus at Rutherford Hall. Lucy Eyelesbarrow, temporary housekeeper at the Hall, found the body—she was working secretly for that gentle amateur detective, Miss Marple.

Rutherford Hall, Brackhampton, was the home of eccentric Luther Crackenthorpe and his daughter Emma. Luther also had three sons: Cedric, Harold, and Alfred. A fourth son, Edmund, was killed in the war—but just recently Emma had received a letter purporting to be from his widow, a Frenchwoman named Martine. And then Martine vanished.

Could the body, wondered Inspector Dermot Craddock, be Martine's? Or was it that of Anna Stravinska, a missing ballet dancer? And who was the murderer? Gradually his suspicions focused on one man: Alfred Crackenthorpe. At that point the whole of the Crackenthorpe clan went down with food poisoning. . . . Dr. Quimper, the family physician, was first to suspect arsenic in the curry.

He was confiding his findings to Inspector Bacon of the local police when the inspector's phone rang. The call was from the nurse that Dr. Quimper had left at Rutherford Hall.

Bacon said: "What's that? Serious relapse. . . . Yes. . . . Dr. Quimper's with me now. . . . we'll be along right away."

He put the receiver down and turned to Quimper. "Alfred Crackenthorpe is dead."

FINAL INSTALMENT

Suspicious In The Kitchen

INSPECTOR BACON immediately rang Craddock and told him the news. Over the telephone, Craddock's voice came in sharp disbelief. "Alfred?" he said. "Alfred?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Craddock asked: "How did the nurse come to slip up?"

"Can't blame her. She had five patients on her hands—the old man, Emma, Cedric, Harold and Alfred. It seems old Mr. Crackenthorpe started creating in a big way. Said he was dying. She went in, got him soothed down, came back again, and took Alfred in some tea with glucose. He drank it and that was that."

When Craddock arrived at the house, Lucy Eyelesbarrow came across the hall to meet him. She looked pale and drawn.

"You've been having a bad time of it," said Craddock.

"It's been like one long, ghastly nightmare," said Lucy. "I really thought last night that they were all dying."

"About this curry—"

"It was the curry?"

"Yes—very nicely laced with arsenic. Quite the Borgia touch."

"If that's true," said Lucy. "It must—it's got to be—one of the family. You see, I only

started making that damned curry quite late—after six o'clock—because Mr. Crackenthorpe specially asked for curry. And I had to open a new tin of curry powder—so *that* couldn't have been tampered with. I suppose curry would disguise the taste?"

"Arsenic hasn't any taste," said Craddock absently. "Now—opportunity. Which of them had the chance to tamper with the curry while it was cooking?"

Lucy considered. "Actually," she said, "anyone could have sneaked into the kitchen while I was laying the table for dinner."

"I see. Now who was there in the house? Old Mr. Crackenthorpe, Emma, Cedric—"

"Harold and Alfred. They'd come down from London in the afternoon. Oh, and the son-in-law, Bryan—Bryan Eastley. But he left just before dinner. He had to meet a man in Brackhampton."

Craddock said thoughtfully: "Did they all seem equally ill last night?"

Lucy considered. "I think old Mr. Crackenthorpe seemed the worst. Dr. Quimper had to work like a maniac on him. He's a jolly good doctor, I will say. Cedric made far the most fuss. Of course healthy people always do."

"If I could only get at the motive for all this business," said Craddock. "It doesn't seem to tie up. The strangled woman in the sarcophagus was Edmund Crackenthorpe's widow, Martine. Let's assume that. It's pretty well proved by now. There *must* be a connection between that and the deliberate poisoning of Alfred. It's all here, in the family somewhere. Even saying one of them's mad doesn't help."

"Not really," Lucy agreed.

"Well, look after yourself," said Craddock warningly. "There's a poisoner in this house, remember, and one of your patients upstairs probably isn't as ill as he pretends to be. . . ."

The complications of illness in a house had kept Lucy thoroughly absorbed during the past few days, and she had had no time to think of anything else. But things were a little easier now, and she really ought, she decided, to have a word with Miss Marple.

Having carried up lunch to the invalids, she went to the telephone. "I'm so terribly sorry I haven't been able to come over, but I've really been very busy," she told Miss Marple.

"Of course, my dear, of course. Besides, there's nothing that can be done just now. We just have to wait."

"Yes, but what are we waiting for?"

"Elsbeth McGillicuddy ought to be home very soon now," said Miss Marple. "I wrote to her to fly home at once. I said it was her duty. So don't worry too much, my dear." Her voice was kindly and reassuring.

"You don't think—" Lucy stopped.

"That there will be any more deaths? Oh, I hope not, my dear. But one never knows, does one? When anyone is really wicked, I mean. And I think there is a great wickedness here."

"Or madness," said Lucy.

"Of course I know that is the modern way of looking at things. I don't agree, myself."

Lucy rang off, went into the kitchen and picked up her tray of lunch. She took it



Emma stared at her guest as though she could hardly take in the sense of her words

into the small study, and was just finishing the meal when the door opened and Bryan Eastley came in.

"Hallo," said Lucy, "this is very unexpected."

"I suppose it is," said Bryan. "How is everybody?"

"Oh, much better. Harold's going back to London tomorrow."

"What do you think about it all? Was it really arsenic?"

"It was arsenic all right," said Lucy.

"It hasn't been in the papers yet?"

"No. I think the police are keeping it up their sleeves for the moment."

"Somebody must have a pretty good down on the family," said Bryan. "Who would have sneaked in and tampered with the food?"

"I suppose I'm the most likely person, really," said Lucy.

Bryan looked at her anxiously. "But you didn't, did you?" he asked. He sounded slightly shocked.

"No. I didn't," said Lucy.

Nobody could have tampered with the curry. She had made it—alone in the kitchen, and brought it to table, and the only person who could have put arsenic into it was one of the five people who sat down to the meal.

"I mean—why should you?" said Bryan. "They're nothing to you, are they? I say," he added, "I hope you don't mind my coming back here like this?"

"No, no, of course I don't. Have you come to stay?"

"Well, I'd like to, if it wouldn't be an awful bore to you."

"No. No, we can manage," Lucy said.

The bell rang.

"There's the doctor," said Lucy. "I'd better go."

But it was not the doctor. On the doorstep

stood a tall, elegantly dressed woman. Drawn up on the gravel sweep of the drive was a purring Rolls with a chauffeur at the wheel.

"Can I see Miss Emma Crackenthorpe, please?"

It was an attractive voice, the r's slightly blurred. The woman was attractive too. About thirty-five, with dark hair and expensively and beautifully made-up.

"I'm sorry," said Lucy, "Miss Crackenthorpe is ill in bed and can't see anyone."

"I know she has been ill, yes, but it is very important that I should see her. I am Lady Stoddart-West. I assure you this is not just a social call."

"Oh, I see," said Lucy. "Come in." Lucy ushered her visitor into the hall and into the drawing room. Then she said, "I'll go up and ask Miss Crackenthorpe."

She went upstairs, knocked on Emma's door and entered. "Lady Stoddart-West is here," she said. "She wants to see you particularly."

A look of alarm came into Emma's face. "There's nothing wrong, is there, with the boys—with my nephew—Alexander?"

"No, no," Lucy reassured her. "I'm sure the boys are all right. Shall I bring her up?"

"Yes, do."

LUCY went downstairs again and escorted the visitor to Emma's room. Lady Stoddart-West approached the bed with outstretched hand.

"Miss Crackenthorpe? I have seen you, I think, at the sports at the school."

"Yes," said Emma, "I remember you quite well. Do sit down."

Lady Stoddart-West sat down. She said quietly: "You must think it very strange of me coming here like this, but I have a reason. You see, my son and Alexander have been telling me things."

"You can understand that they were very

excited about the murder that happened here, and they have picked up a good deal. They told me that the police have an idea that the murdered woman may be a French girl whom your eldest brother, who was killed in the war, knew in France. That is so?"

"It is a possibility," said Emma, her voice breaking slightly, "that we are forced to consider. It may have been so."

"There is some reason for believing that the body is that of this girl, this Martine?"

"I have told you, it is a possibility."

"But why—why should they think that she was this Martine? Did she have letters on her—papers?"

"No. Nothing of that kind. But you see I had had a letter, from this Martine."

"You had had a letter—from Martine?"

"Yes—a letter telling me that she was in England and would like to come and see me. I invited her down here, but got a telegram saying she was going back to France."

"Perhaps she did go back to France. We do not know. But since then an envelope was found here addressed to her. That seems to show that she had come down here. But I really don't see—" she broke off.

Lady Stoddart-West said quickly, "You really do not see what concern it is of mine? That is very true. I should not, in your place. But you see—I am Martine."

Emma stared at her guest as though she could hardly take in the sense of her words. "You!" she said. "You are Martine?"

Lady Stoddart-West nodded vigorously. "But yes. It surprises you, I am sure, but it is true."

"I met your brother Edmund in the first days of the war. We fell in love. We intended to be married. Then there was the retreat to Dunkirk and Edmund was reported missing. Later he was reported killed."

"Then came the grim realities of war. The Germans occupied France. I became a worker for the Resistance. I was one of those who was assigned to pass Englishmen through France to England. It was in that way that I met my present husband."

She paused and then said: "But it gave me, I will tell you, a strange pleasure when I found that my son James's greatest friend at his school was a boy whom I found to be Edmund's nephew. Alexander, I may say, is very like Edmund."

She leaned forward and placed her hand on Emma's arm. "But you see, dear Emma, do you not, that when I heard this story about the murder, about this dead woman being suspected to be the Martine that Edmund had known, that I had to come and tell you the truth? Either you or I must inform the police of the fact. Whoever the dead woman is, she's not Martine."

"I can hardly take it in," said Emma, "that you, you should be the Martine that dear Edmund wrote to me about." She sighed, shaking her head, then she frowned perplexedly. "But I don't understand. Was it you, then, who wrote to me?"

Lady Stoddart-West shook a vigorous head. "No, no, of course I did not write to you."

"Then—" Emma stopped.

"Then there was someone pretending to be Martine who wanted perhaps to get money out of you? But who can it be?"

Emma said slowly: "I suppose there were people, at the time, who knew about you and Edmund?"

The other shrugged her shoulders. "Probably, yes. But there was nobody very close to me. I have never spoken of it since I came to England. And why wait all this time? It is curious, very curious."

Emma said: "I don't understand it. We will have to see what Inspector Craddock has to say." She looked with softened eyes at her visitor. "I'm so glad to know you, my dear."

"And I you. . . Edmund spoke of you very

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Hitler's

by CHARLES WIGHTON and GUNTER PEIS

Spies in Britain • 2

He was a handsome captain, she was a night-club queen. When they fell in love she learned his secret—and became a Nazi agent

BROKEN-HEARTED VERA CAME TO SPY IN LONDON

EARLY in 1939, according to the diary of General Erwin von Lahousen, chief of the sabotage division of the Abwehr, or German secret service, a German spy in England reported that she had discovered a likely recruit. The spy, the German-born widow of a Scandinavian business man living in the north of England, had stayed at a small hotel in Kensington during a visit to London. Apparently she had met there an elderly Italian countess who was hard-up and very anti-British. The widow was sure that the countess could be persuaded to work for the Abwehr.

The countess had inherited some property in the Bavarian Alps and was anxious to sell it and transfer the money to England. Unfortunately, Germany's currency regulations prevented such a transfer. If some method could be devised for getting the money to England, the widow reported, there could be no doubt that the countess would co-operate.

The major of the English section of the Abwehr for whom the widow worked at once wrote to the lonely woman in Kensington. He told her that he had heard about her money difficulties and invited her to visit him in Germany where, he said, they could be sorted out.

Later that year the major, who in his dealings with the countess called himself Dr. Graff, met her at the Bayerischer Hof Hotel in Munich. He soon discovered that the stately cosmopolitan was a fanatical admirer of Mussolini.

Dr. Graff therefore had no hesitation in telling La Contessa, as she came to be known to the Abwehr, that her currency problems could be solved without difficulty if she would merely extend and transform her devotion to the Duce into a more active support for the Rome-Berlin Axis. This La Contessa willingly agreed to do. And having arranged for her property to be sold at a good price and the funds transferred to her London bank, Dr. Graff had little difficulty in persuading the old lady to agree to meet him again later. In the meantime, "to cover her expenses," he gave her £200 and told her to keep in touch with him.

In the summer of 1939, when war was imminent, Graff summoned La Contessa to a meeting at the Doelen Hotel in Amsterdam. La Contessa, who had been a member of the diplomatic world in London, still had many important connections there. Graff wanted to exploit these on behalf of Germany. He suggested that with funds supplied by him she should rent a fashionable flat in Mayfair and revive her links with the influential side of life in London. Furthermore, he

proposed that as soon as he could he would find her a beautiful "niece" to entertain her distinguished visitors.

Soon after war broke out Graff heard from La Contessa via Holland, which was still neutral, that she had established herself in a luxury flat near Berkeley Square and that her salon was already frequented by people prominent in Britain.

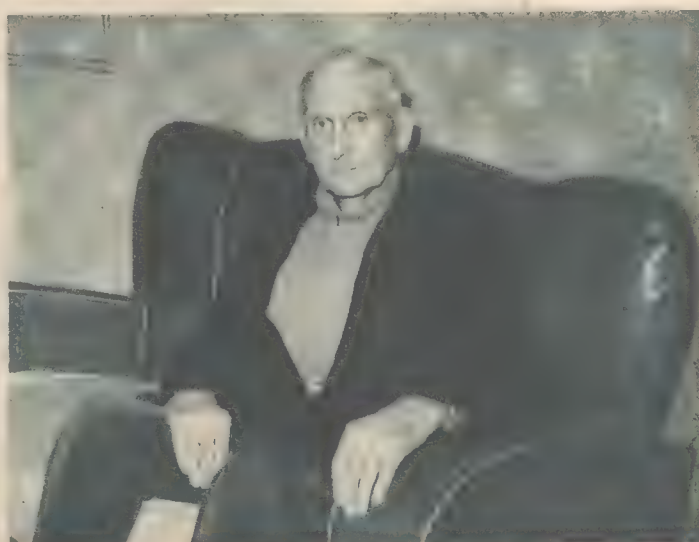
Early in May, 1940, a few days before the German armies swept into Holland, Graff was again able to meet La Contessa in Amsterdam. "You will be charmed to know," he said, "that I have discovered your long-lost niece. I am not quite sure when she will join you in London, but it might be a good idea if you began telling friends that you hope your niece will be able to escape from occupied Denmark."

In a firmer tone Graff added: "She will, of course, be your superior in all matters affecting your work for us. You will obey your orders implicitly and ask no questions—particularly about any other 'relatives' she may wish to entertain."

"I quite understand," said La Contessa. Graff handed her a thick bundle of British £5 notes and told her that, in view of German military operations which were in prospect, he would arrange for future funds to be sent to her from Lisbon.

"Contessa," said Graff as they bade each other goodbye, "don't be dismayed if you hear nothing from me until your niece arrives. She will introduce herself as Vera and you will have no difficulty in identifying her. She is tall, dark and very good-looking in a Slav sort of way. In addition to French she speaks excellent German, some Danish and a little English."

Vera's entry into Graff's plan had happened by chance—as a



Railway porter John Geddes helped to catch two spies in 1940. He kept them talking while the police were summoned



Stationmaster John Donald was suspicious of Vera the Beautiful Spy and her escort. They were searched and arrested by Inspector John Simpson

result of an emotional crisis in the life of one of his Abwehr colleagues. Her surname was von Stein. She was born of an historic Baltic-German family of aristocrats in Leningrad, or Petrograd as it then was. Her father was a high official of the Czar and she spent her earliest years amid the luxury and magnificence of the Russian Court.

But with the Revolution in October, 1917, this life of elegance disappeared almost overnight. Early in 1918 the whole family was deported to Siberia, where Vera's father was murdered by the Bolsheviks before the eyes of her mother, her small brother and herself. That was something she never forgot.

The family found refuge in a Siberian shoemaker's hovel. In despair her mother wrote to one of the new commissars in Moscow—a Jew who years before had been in love with her. The commissar was moved by her plea and the family was moved to Moscow. Soon afterwards they moved to Paris.

There the mother found work in a small restaurant set up in Montmartre by another family of Russian aristocrats, friends from better days in Petrograd. Vera and her brother were sent to a French school.

Vera grew up rapidly. The dark Slavonic beauty in her early teens, who seemed much older than her actual years, began to attract admiration.

The proprietor of the Russian restaurant where her mother worked offered good money if Vera danced and sang in the evenings.

Vera's mother was reluctant to introduce the girl to the Bohemian atmosphere of Paris night life, but accepted.

In the next year or two, as Vera blossomed into a typical Russian beauty, she danced every evening in the restaurant under her mother's vigilant eyes. When Vera was seventeen or eighteen, however, her mother decided to move to Brussels.

Without telling her mother, Vera set off for London, where for several months she worked in night clubs, and learned English. Later she returned to Paris and by the middle thirties she had become a member of a well-known French double act.

It was in a Paris cabaret that Vera made her first contact with the Abwehr. Time after time, as she danced on the small stage with her partner she noticed a thickset blond man who seemed fascinated by her performance. Night after night he visited the cabaret and sat at a table in the front row, his eyes fixed on her. Her partner, who was in love with her, turned exceedingly jealous. The jealousy increased when the visitor invited Vera to his table. She, perhaps unwisely, accepted the invitation.

The visitor explained that he was a German business man selling German electric batteries in Belgium, Holland and France, to which he said he made

regular trips. He gave his name as "Müller."

The friendship developed rapidly. One evening as Vera sat drinking champagne with "Herr Müller," her partner suddenly appeared with a knife and lunged at Vera.

But the German had seen the man coming. He seized the Frenchman's wrist and threw him to the floor. There, they wrestled savagely until the manager and waiters dragged them apart. The Frenchman was led away.

The German took Vera to a small hotel where he was staying with two friends, Karl Druegge and Robert Petter. There he told her that his real name was Hans Dierks. He invited her

to return to Germany with him when he left Paris a few days later.

With her dancing act broken up and her mother by this time in Copenhagen, Vera had no plans and no money. She accepted Dierks's offer.

Dierks was, in fact, a captain in the Abwehr attached to the Hamburg office, and Druegge and Petter were also Abwehr agents. At that time they were engaged in laying a spy network through the Low Countries and Northern France. Dierks's spies played a big part in the Fifth Column which contributed to the French collapse.

In Hamburg one evening in early April, 1940, Dierks, who had not told her of his activities in the Abwehr, suddenly announced: "I've bad news. I'll have to leave you." He was reluctant to tell her more except that he had been detailed for a mission on which it would be impossible for her to accompany him.

Vera at once burst into hysterics. "You can't leave me," she sobbed. "I've nobody but you. My mother is now in Copenhagen and I can't go to her. I have given up all my friends in Paris for you."

Then she began to accuse him of inventing the story of a mission in order to leave her for another woman. Dierks didn't know what to do. To quieten her he decided to break all the Abwehr rules. "If you promise never to tell anyone," he said desperately, "I am being sent to Britain to sabotage naval installations."

Only partly convinced, Vera asked: "When have you got to go?"

"Within a month or two."

Vera refused to believe him, and nothing he said would convince her. The following morning when he arrived at his office he felt a curious presentiment. Immediately he rushed to Vera's flat. The door was locked. In a panic he broke it open.

Vera was unconscious, having swallowed half a bottle of sleeping tablets. Dierks took her to hospital, where she recovered. As soon as she was able to speak she murmured: "Hans, let me go to England with you. If you don't, I'll try to kill myself again."

The Abwehr heard of the girl's attempted suicide, and since it was clear that Dierks had told her where he was going the affair was reported to Lahousen.

For days Lahousen pondered on what to do. Dierks had been guilty of a very serious indiscretion. If Lahousen ordered him to get rid of the girl Dierks would leave Germany unhappy and disgruntled—a most dangerous frame of mind for a spy.

Lahousen took the matter to his

chief, Admiral Canaris, the head of the Abwehr. At heart the little admiral was a sentimentalist. He was seeking a solution which would make both Dierks and the girl happy when Graff, who worked with Dierks in the Hamburg office, had a brainwave. Graff had been looking for someone to send to London as La Contessa's niece. Who better to play the part than Vera?

And so the decision was made in Berlin to postpone the departure of Dierks and his two companions until Vera was trained to accompany them.

Graff at once sent for Vera and she was sworn into the Abwehr.

Lahousen decided to send the four spies to Britain from Norway. They would be flown from Stavanger and left in a rubber dinghy off the north-east coast of Scotland.

When at last late in August all the planning had been completed, Vera could not have been happier. She was to go with Hans to England where, as the niece of La Contessa in a comfortable London flat, she would be able to entertain him and, if need be, shelter him between his duties as a saboteur.

As all the Abwehr staff in Hamburg, including Dr. Graff, had been so helpful and sympathetic, it was agreed to hold a farewell party at the Loewenbrau Restaurant on September 2, the day before the spies left for Norway.

It was a most successful party. Toast after toast was drunk in long glasses of foaming Bavarian beer laced with German schnapps. All the sentimental German songs suitable for the occasion were sung over and over again. The party broke up with a ceremonial rendering of "Wir Fahren Gegen England"—"We're On Our Way Against England," a popular song which in this case was remarkably true.

The four spies got into Dierks's little car. Vera sat in front beside Dierks, and Druegge and Petter were in the back seat. But the Abwehr captain had drunk too much beer and his driving showed it.

"Be careful, Hans!" screamed Vera as the car slithered on the cobbles.

Dierks laughed. "Remember you're in the Abwehr now," he said. "The Abwehr is not scared of anything."

His driving became ever more erratic and reckless. Suddenly realizing that he had to make a left-hand turn, he swung the car round a corner. On two wheels it shot across the street and hit the opposite footpath. Half-on and half-off the pavement it careered along and turned over.

There was silence for a time. Then through the roof appeared a white-faced figure, blood streaming from his



As the Frenchman lunged at Vera with a knife, Dierks threw him to the cabaret floor. Savagely they wrestled

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

hands and cheeks. It was Druegge. He crawled out of the wreckage and dragged himself to a telephone box.

A few minutes later a patrol car and an ambulance arrived. On the pavement sat a dark-haired girl. A man was stretched out beside her, his head on her lap. She stroked his forehead and kissed his face. "Hans," she sobbed.

An ambulance man bent down and examined the man. Then taking Vera gently by the waist he started to lift her. "Come away, miss," he said. "Your friend is dead. . . ."

As soon as Lahousen reached his office on September 3 he was told the news of Dierks's death and that Vera and the other two men would be unfit for duty for at least a fortnight.

Lahousen was in a quandary. Dierks had been the leader of the whole enterprise. Lahousen's first reaction was to call it off. But the invasion of Britain seemed imminent. He was in need of as many spies and saboteurs there as possible. Finally Lahousen ordered: "Operation to proceed as planned."

On September 21, Vera, Druegge and Petter, with sticking plaster on their faces and hands, boarded a Luftwaffe transport plane at Hamburg and a few hours later reached Stavanger. There they were informed that they would leave for Scotland as soon as they had completed dinghy drill.

The next day they were introduced to the pilot and crew of the flying boat which was to transport them, and were initiated in the difficulties of launching a large rubber dinghy. Even more complicated was the problem of loading into the dinghy three Hercules bicycles—found in the British Consulate at Bergen—on which the spies had been ordered to travel the six hundred miles from Scotland to London.

"These bicycles are too heavy for a dinghy," Vera told Andersen, a Norwegian spy in the pay of the Abwehr who had come from Oslo to be their dispatching officer.

"Well, you'll just have to manage somehow," said Andersen. "Berlin has given strict instructions that you are not to travel in trains because your English would arouse suspicion."

Andersen gave each of his fellow spies £200, chiefly in British £1 notes printed in Berlin. He equipped them with British clothes which had been found in the British Embassy at Oslo after the departure of the British diplomatic mission the previous April. They were also given radio sets, lists of sabotage targets and German contacts in Britain, and forged British identity cards and ration books.

Vera was described in her documents as Madame Vera Erikson, a Dane. Druegge became Francois de Decker, a Flemish refugee from Belgium, and Petter, who had been born in Switzerland, was described as Werner Heinrich Waelti, a Swiss subject with an address at 23 Sussex Gardens, Paddington, London. All three were carefully rehearsed in a cover story which claimed that they were refugees from the Germans in Norway. By handing over expensive jewellery they had bribed a Norwegian fisherman to sail them across the North Sea.

At 1 a.m. on the 30th, Vera and her fellow-spies were awakened and given half an hour to get ready.

By 2.30 a.m. they were airborne and heading across the North Sea. At dawn the pilot pointed and shouted to Vera: "Land!"

A few minutes later the pilot was able to identify Rattray Head near Fraserburgh. As he fixed his position he swung round and headed along the southern shore of the Moray Firth.

"We're going down," he warned the spies fifteen minutes later. The flying boat touched the waves. The sea was choppy but it had been when the rehearsals were held. The dinghy was dropped on to the waves. Down into it clambered Druegge and Petter, followed by the luggage. Vera stayed in the plane to help with the bicycles. Slowly the first Hercules was lowered, but the dinghy started to drift away.

As the cycle dropped the two men tried to catch it, but the dinghy swung round. The Hercules disappeared into

the sea. Druegge and Petter shouted to the crew to keep the other two cycles until the dinghy was nearer the plane. But the crew were worried about being a mile or so off the Scottish coast in daylight—and the cycles went the same way as the first.

"We can't stay here all day," shouted the pilot to Vera. "Get into the dinghy as quickly as you can." And as the spies started to paddle towards the coast the pilot revved up the engines and taxied into the wind.

Wet, seasick and disconsolate over the loss of the cycles, the spies made for the shore. After three-quarters of an hour of misery the dinghy grounded on a beach, at about 6 a.m. Druegge and Petter buried the dinghy and took stock of their position. Having lost the cycles there was no alternative but to travel to London by train.

They decided that it would be safer to split up. As Petter spoke better English than the others it was agreed that he should be given the best chance by travelling alone, trying to reach Aberdeen, from where he could get an express to London. Vera and Druegge decided to find the nearest railway station and go along the coast until they reached Forres. From there they believed they could get a train through the Central Highlands to Perth, and then to London.

After shaking hands, Petter picked up a suitcase and a smaller bag and set off towards a nearby village. Vera and Druegge headed westwards, carrying a large suitcase and two smaller bags between them.

Shortly before 7.30 they came across a railway station. The stationmaster, John Donald, and a porter, John Geddes, looked at them curiously.

Vera went up to Geddes and, with a smile, asked in halting English: "Please, what station is this?"

"Port Gordon, ma'am," said Geddes.

Druegge in the meantime had gone to a large timetable on the wall, and after summoning Donald drew his finger down the list of stations from Port Gordon until he reached Forres.

"Oh, you want to go to Forres," said Donald. Turning to Geddes, he added: "Give them two third-class tickets."

Druegge then pulled out a wallet which both railway officials could see was crammed with £1 notes. The stationmaster and porter exchanged glances. What an extraordinary couple to appear so early on a Monday morning in a small Scottish station!

The thought occurred to the stationmaster that maybe they were some of the Norwegian refugees who had been appearing along the coast in recent months—but none of these had arrived with wads of notes. Then he noticed that one of the man's trouser-legs was wet, as though he had been walking in the sea. The woman's shoes and stockings were also damp.

That was enough for the stationmaster. "Keep them talking while I phone for the police," he told Geddes.

The local policeman, Constable Robert Grieve, jumped on his bicycle and was at the station in less than ten minutes.

Grieve, who now lives at Rhynie in Aberdeenshire, also had little doubt that the man and woman were spies. But first he asked to see their National Identity Cards.

When Druegge produced his card, made out in the name of Francois de Decker, Grieve at once spotted that the letter "i" in Francois had been written in Continental fashion with a tail, rather like the British printed "j." He also noticed that although both the man and the woman claimed to be refugees, there was no immigration stamp on either of their cards—something that the Abwehr officer in Oslo had not known about.

Grieve then asked the couple their nationality.

"He is Belgian," said Vera, pointing at Druegge, "and I am Danish."

With his suspicions now largely confirmed, Grieve asked the couple to go with him to Port Gordon police station. The spies raised no objection. When he had them in custody—they had not, of course, been arrested at that stage—he telephoned Inspector



In a panic Dierks broke the door open, and saw Vera lying there. By her side was a bottle of tablets—half empty

John Simpson at Buckie, who at once drove to Port Gordon.

Simpson, who is still in the police force at Buckie, recalls: "I asked the man who he was and the woman said: 'He cannot speak English.' I was suspicious and ran my hands over the man for firearms. I found a box containing nineteen rounds of revolver ammunition."

"The woman gave the name of Vera Erikson. She told me she was twenty-seven, that she was a widow and had no occupation. She also said she was a Danish subject born in Siberia. I asked her to produce her identity card and she produced one with the number CNFX/141/2. The man showed me one with the number CNFQ/141/1. Both cards had Continental figures."

"The woman told me that they got to Port Gordon from Bergen in a small boat named the Norstar, and that after spending the previous night at an hotel in Banff, they had hired a taxi to within a mile of Port Gordon and walked to the railway station."

SIMPSON found on Druegge an electric Storch which had the words "Made in Bohemia" on the bottom, a watch with the monogram "H.W.D." engraved on the back, a pocket knife, safety razor, Gillette blades, a propelling pencil and, among other food-stuffs, a piece of German sausage.

In Druegge's suitcase was a small Mauser pistol loaded with six rounds of ammunition, two circular cardboard discs fastened together with a brass split pin to form a coding device, a sheet of paper bearing a number of place names, a sheet of graph paper, a wireless transmitting set, three small and two large batteries, two valves wrapped in corrugated paper, a volt meter, a Morse tapping key, a pair of headphones, a three-way plug and wire.

Simpson's headquarters at Banff were immediately told about this and beaches were searched. At a spot known as Gollachy Burn a pair of new rubber boots was found. As the boots did not fit Druegge they assumed that there was at least one more spy not accounted for.

"It was then learned," says Simpson, "that at about 6.50 a.m. a

man had walked into the booking office of Buckpool railway station to the east of Port Gordon and asked if the train for Aberdeen had gone. He was told it had left about ten minutes earlier. He inquired about the next one and was told it did not stop at Buckpool. He was advised to go to Buckie Station—approximately a mile from Buckpool—where he would get a train to Aberdeen at 9.58."

A porter at Buckpool, noted from the way the man carried a suitcase that it was heavy. The man, who was, of course, Petter, asked several other people the way to Buckie, offering each of them a cigarette from an English packet. He arrived at Buckie Station about 7.45 a.m. and was later seen to board the 9.58 for Aberdeen. This information was at once telephoned to Aberdeen City Police.

Unsuspectingly, Petter arrived at Aberdeen Joint Station. He escaped capture by only a few minutes when he boarded an Edinburgh express just after one o'clock in the afternoon.

He had eaten nothing since a hurried roll and butter on the beach just after landing. He went to the restaurant car of the express where he had a typical railway wartime lunch. The train reached Edinburgh Waverley Station at about 5 p.m.

As he walked along the platform with his luggage he was accosted by a porter, Tom Cameron. "Can I help you, sir?" asked Cameron.

"Yes, I want to go to London," said Petter.

"There's nothing to London now, sir, until about ten o'clock," said Cameron. "If I were you I'd put my cases in the left-luggage. If you come back here about nine o'clock I'll see that you get a seat on the train."

"Thank you," said Petter. He gave Cameron two shillings and, quite confident that there was no one on his track, he walked up Princes Street where he had a shave and a meal, then went to a cinema for about a couple of hours.

He had scarcely left Waverley Station before Superintendent William Merrilees—now Chief Constable of the Lothians—and Detective-Inspector Alexander Sutherland of Edinburgh City Police

were interviewing Cameron. They decided at once to break open Petter's luggage. Inside they found a radio set, a Morse key, headphones and an address book giving various Abwehr contacts in England.

Merrilees and Sutherland prepared to deal with the mysterious stranger. At 8.55 that evening a formidable group of tall men in soft hats and raincoats was clustered round the left-luggage counter in Waverley Station when Petter appeared. Cameron, as instructed, gave a quick nod to Superintendent Merrilees to show that he had recognized Petter and stepped forward. "Here I am, sir," said Cameron to Petter. "You're in nice time. Can I have your left-luggage ticket?"

Petter fumbled for the ticket. But before he found it the detectives had closed in round him. The instant Petter realized what was happening he put his right hand into his coat pocket and out came a Mauser.

He was raising it to fire when one of the detectives seized his arm and with a ju-jitsu grip sent the Mauser flying on to the floor. Half a dozen hefty policemen were on to Petter like a Rugby scrum. When the gun was picked up and opened, a cartridge was found in the breech; five more were in the magazine.

Struggling and shouting that he was a Swiss citizen and a neutral, Petter was dragged to a police van and driven to Edinburgh police headquarters. He was searched and found to have on him a forged identity card made out in the name of Werner Waelti. Once again someone had written the "i" in the name with a tail.

All three spies were removed to London and the two men were brought before the Central Criminal Court at a secret wartime trial. Both were convicted of espionage and in due course were officially reported to have been executed.

In Berlin, however, Lahousen had no idea what had happened to his spies. It was not until months later that he got his first clue to their fate. His staff were combing foreign newspapers when they came across a paragraph in a Swiss daily stating that a Swiss national had been arrested in Scotland for spying for Germany.

Five years later, in the British



At Edinburgh's Waverley Station a Nazi spy left his equipment in the left-luggage office. When he returned Inspector Alexander Sutherland (left) and Superintendent William Merrilees were waiting



internment camp at Bad Nenndorf, Lahousen and other former Abwehr officers discovered the real truth.

One day during an interrogation a British colonel who had spent much of the war dealing with German spies produced a pile of photographs for his German prisoners.

"Do you know these?" he asked.

Lahousen at once recognized Druegge and Petter. The colonel said nothing about Druegge—former members of the Abwehr still have doubts about his alleged execution—but of Petter the colonel commented: "Yes, we had to execute him. He tried to shoot the police when he was arrested. You just can't get away with that in Britain."

"Did you pick up any women spies?" asked Lahousen.

The colonel at once realized the reason for this question. "You're

wondering what happened to Vera the Beautiful Spy, as we called her?" he asked. "Well, she came over to our side. If you want to see her again, look round the Isle of Wight. You might find her there—under another name. Nobody in the island has the slightest idea of her background."

Sometime later, Vera's aged mother in Copenhagen received a phone call. It was from a woman with a husky voice. She said: "I want you to know that Vera is still alive. And maybe you will see her again one day."

As for La Contessa, in 1955 Graff happened to hear from former members of the British Intelligence that she had been a British agent from the start. . . .

Of Hitler's spies who reached Britain and managed to steal Britain's secrets, none was more daring than two Norwegians known by the names of Jack Berg and Olav Klausen.

Berg, powerfully built, dark haired and about 5 ft. 10 in. tall, was in his middle twenties and had been a hairdresser in an Oslo hotel. He lived alone with his mother in an Oslo suburb, and spoke almost perfect English, as a result of frequent visits to his grandfather in Edmonton, London.

Klausen was also burly but, in contrast to his friend, he was blond, more than six feet tall and a great favourite with the ladies of Oslo. He had been a sergeant in a Norwegian sapper regiment until the Germans invaded Norway. He too spoke good English.

The pair worked in the German postal censorship department in Oslo and were bored. When approached by Andersen, Lahousen's representative in Oslo, they were interested in his offer of "adventure" but insisted that they could not undertake any mission against the interests of their country.

"Do not worry," said Müller, one of Andersen's colleagues. "Since the start of the war we have had difficulty in getting news about Britain. We want you to go there as correspondents for D.N.B.—the German News Agency."

Berg and Klausen apparently fell for this story, for they each accepted £50 as an advance to "cover expenses." Having taken this money, they were in the Abwehr's hands. Müller hinted that should they go back on their undertaking it would be easy for him to tip off the Norwegian Resistance that they were traitors.

The fiction about being foreign correspondents was soon dropped and by March, 1941, Berg and Klausen had finished their training as spies and saboteurs. They were to be sent to Britain by the same method used for Vera and her companions—a flying boat landing off the coast of Scotland.

Various cover-stories were considered. Finally Lahousen decided that the

simplest story was probably the best. The two Norwegians were to pretend to be Norwegian refugees and use their own names. Berlin was anxious to find out the checks which were made on the stories of refugees. What better way of doing this than sending two spies through the security screen? Berg and Klausen were accordingly given typical refugee clothing. In the heels of their heavy climbing boots, though, was hidden £500 in counterfeit British banknotes for each of them.

Berg and Klausen were told to sabotage railways, aircraft and armament factories, food stores and petrol tanks, and to spy on shipping convoys.

They were also given an assignment which throws a curious sidelight on how little the Germans knew about conditions in wartime Britain. Berlin had heard a rumour that the population of London was being evacuated to Scotland in preparation for the German invasion which, in the spring of 1941, still remained a possibility. The spies were told to report on this in detail.

Everything was ready for their flying boat trip. They were taken to Stavanger and rehearsed the task of getting British bicycles into their rubber dinghy. But on the evening before they were due to leave, Koblichke, another of Andersen's colleagues suddenly announced: "Something sensational's happened. You can't go yet."

Koblichke, it turned out, had just been to a prison in Stavanger where he had interviewed an extraordinary prisoner—a dark, round-faced man, little more than a youth.

"He landed near here in a fishing boat early this morning," a guard told Koblichke. "He says he is a German p.o.w. who has escaped from Scotland."

"I don't believe it," said Koblichke.

At once he went into the young man's cell and slowly and patiently tore the story to pieces until the man said, half-weeping: "All right. I'll tell you the truth."

He was a German p.o.w. right enough, but had been persuaded to become an agent for the British. He had been trained in sabotage at a large country house in the Midlands, and for some time had worked in a big shipyard on the Clyde. His orders were to get a similar job in the yard of the Clyde's great rival—Blohm and Voss at Hamburg.

"When at the spy school, did you meet any Norwegian refugees?" asked Koblichke.

"Yes," said the man. "On arriving in Britain they were taken to London under escort and interrogated by fellow-Norwegians at the former Royal Patriotic School for Girls in Battersea. All their clothes and belongings were thoroughly examined."

Armed with this information, which



Outside a car stopped. The spy knew that the consul was back. Hastily he tried to return the stolen plans

had come just in time. Koblichke set about making last-minute changes to the plan for Berg and Klausen. Obviously, the money in their boots, for example, would be discovered and betray them. The best thing for the spies to do, it was decided, would be for them to land in secret, bury their radios, explosives and other incriminating luggage and then give themselves up to the Norwegian authorities in London. After being interrogated, the spies could return for their luggage.

To corroborate the cover-story of travelling by boat, Koblichke arranged for an old Norwegian fishing vessel to be stolen from a small harbour near Stavanger—and sunk by the German Navy in the North Sea well out of sight of land. He was fairly sure that the Norwegian Resistance would report the theft to London.

One night in the second week of April, Berg and Klausen boarded their flying boat. The pilot carried out his assignment with great skill and put them down into the sea less than a mile from the Scottish coast between Aberdeen and Bell Rock.

They paddled their rubber dinghy on to a shingle beach. High above them towered cliffs—major obstacles for their bicycles. The immediate task, however, was to destroy their rubber dinghy. With knives, they cut the rubber into small pieces. Then they waded out into the sea and scattered the pieces as widely as they could. Also, they broke up their paddles and threw the bits into the sea.

On returning to the shore they had breakfast—of British bully beef and other tinned stores which had been picked up by the Germans from abandoned British headquarters in north-east France the previous year.

It took them most of the morning and afternoon to make a reconnaissance, find a path up the cliffs, haul their cycles and rucksacks up the path and walk to the nearest road. Night had fallen when they reached the road and pedalled south.

Just before midnight, they halted in a small wood for the night.

Sleepily they waited until 3 a.m., the scheduled hour for their transmissions. Berg tapped out their call-sign and listened. Immediately Oslo acknowledged the signal and told them to continue. Berg then tapped out the Morse letters XYZ. That meant: "Arrived safely. Transmitting without interference." If they had been caught and were transmitting on the orders of the British secret service, he would have sent YEV.

After sleeping until late morning the spies decided to head for Glasgow.

For the next three days they cycled across Scotland pretending to be two Norwegian refugees on holiday. They buried their equipment beside a "famous lake," assumed in Berlin to have been Loch Lomond.

Berg and Klausen then went to Glasgow by bus and, after a visit to a second-hand clothes shop in the city centre, they boarded a train for London dressed like the other passengers.

In London, they went to Edmonton, which Berg had known as a boy during visits to his grandfather. Whether he made contact with his relatives he did not say, but on May 1, 1941, Lahousen noted in his diary: "The two agents have reported from London with the radio equipment they took with them."

In Oslo, and still more at Abwehr headquarters in Berlin, it was realized that zero hour was approaching for the two happy-go-lucky Norwegians: that they were about to report as refugees.

On orders from Berlin, a top-priority signal was sent to them at 3 a.m. on May 2: "In the interests of your own safety don't transmit before June 1."

There was intense speculation among senior officers on the spies' chances of survival. What happened in England during those weeks of May, 1941, was never established by the Abwehr. "Jack and O.K.," as they were referred to in Abwehr documents, did not report whether they were screened at the Royal Patriotic School or elsewhere.

Nevertheless, they passed whatever

tests they were set. At 3 a.m. precisely on June 1, Lieutenant Huenke, on duty at the Oslo listening post, heard their call-sign. He acknowledged it immediately. A few minutes later came the signal: "Everything O.K. Now at liberty. Transmitting outside London. Regards to all."

On June 10 Lahousen noted that the spies had informed Oslo on "all details of identity cards, ration books and other questions affecting Norwegian refugees in England." He ended his diary entry: "They have now been instructed to proceed with their sabotage assignment."

Berg and Klausen at once returned to Scotland, where they unearthed their bicycles and explosives. By the end of June they had reported that they had caused fires in a munitions dump, a food store, and in a yard where wood for aircraft manufacture was stored.

Lahousen was able to confirm some of these claims from copies of *The Times* and other British papers reaching Berlin via neutral capitals. Although the news items were heavily censored and referred vaguely to "Southern England," it was not difficult to identify the fires with the activities of the Norwegians.

Berg and Klausen maintained contact with Oslo every few days. They reported that they were living in a suburb of North London near Berg's grandfather, but they warned Oslo that if they failed to keep schedule it was because they had to cycle out into the country to make their transmissions.

DURING ONE transmission the spies reported that Berg had found a job as a hairdresser with a fashionable West End firm. From time to time thereafter he forwarded information picked up from the politicians and senior officers who were his customers. Klausen, with his engineering training, had meanwhile easily found work in an armaments factory in North London. The spies also reported that, as instructed, they were making friends with Norwegian refugees. Soon afterwards they were able to report on the formation of various Norwegian units in camps north of London.

From time to time Lahousen reminded them about the German High Command's desire for knowledge of the "evacuation of the London population to the Highlands of Scotland," but for many weeks the spies ignored the question. When finally pressed for an answer they merely sent a rude reply reflecting on the intelligence of the officers around Hitler.

Everything was going better than Lahousen had dared to hope when suddenly, in the autumn of 1941, Berg sent an emergency signal: "O.K. called up by Norwegian Army in England and sent to Iceland."

Klausen, the former Norwegian Army sapper sergeant, had been automatically recalled for service. Berg was ordered to pass on a message warning Klausen against attempting sabotage in Iceland, or trying to get in contact with any of the Abwehr agents there.

Berg, fearing that he also might find himself in one of the Norwegian armed services, quietly disappeared from his job in London and headed north for the Mersey and the Clyde. Lacking Klausen's expert assistance, he found sabotage too difficult and concentrated instead on spying on Allied convoys leaving the Western Approaches. Sometimes his information was of great value. On other occasions it caused panic in the German High Command—as, for example, when he reported that a large convoy, including Norwegian units, had just sailed.

Hitler was convinced that the convoy was heading for northern Norway. Accordingly, an immediate alarm was issued to all forces there and they were deployed to meet the attack. Then Berg reported that the convoy had returned. "It must have been an exercise," he radioed.

In October, 1942, Berg was on Clyde-side reporting one of the largest concentrations of shipping he had ever seen. From his vantage point overlooking the Tail o' the Bank, he saw

nearly fifty large passenger liners all in grey camouflage paint. There was at least one battleship; aircraft carriers kept arriving and departing, and there were many cruisers and small craft. In mid-October, he reported that landings were being rehearsed on the shores of the Argyllshire lochs. The soldiers were confined to the ships, but from sailors whom he encountered in pubs he learned that everybody had been issued with Arctic clothing.

Again Hitler thought that an invasion of Norway was imminent. Reports from other Abwehr spies of a major Allied operation in the Western Mediterranean were ignored.

In the last week of October, Berg reported that the convoy had sailed—and the German High Command waited.

Luftwaffe reconnaissance planes from Norway, though, could find no trace of the convoy. A fortnight later proof came that the Arctic clothing was a deception. A German spy at Algieras, opposite Gibraltar, reported that the convoy had passed through the straits, heading eastwards.

Not for a further two days did Hitler discover the destination of "Jack Berg's convoy," as the Abwehr in Oslo had come to call it. By that time British and American troops were pouring ashore at Algiers and Oran in the first phase of "Operation Torch"—the invasion of North Africa.

Shortly before this espionage feat by Berg, Klausen had returned to Britain on a few weeks' leave, and they celebrated the reunion with a new wave of sabotage. Early in 1943, Klausen returned to Britain permanently. Whether he secured his release from the Norwegian Army on a pretext, or whether he simply deserted, Lahousen never learned. Anyway, they began to work together again in a manner more happy-go-lucky than ever. The Norwegians reported to the Abwehr only on matters which interested them.

Soon after Klausen's return to active operations the spies reported that if they were to carry out sabotage they had to have more money. They also

needed explosives and fuses for they were finding it impossible to buy ingredients for home-made explosives in British shops. The exploits of "Jack and O.K." were by now well known at Hitler's headquarters, and Lahousen put the problem of supplying the spies before the Chief of the German High Command, Field-Marshal Keitel.

Keitel agreed for a fast bomber to be placed at the disposal of the Abwehr, and a container of explosives and money was dropped to the spies in the area where they had "first hidden their equipment on their arrival in Britain in 1941."

WITH plenty of money in their pockets and a fresh supply of explosives, Berg and Klausen began a new campaign of sabotage directed mainly against aircraft factories. In the middle of the campaign they were sent a priority message from Berlin asking them to make an all-out attempt to discover the secrets of the new British airborne radar devices which R.A.F. Coastal Command was using to hunt and destroy the German U-boats.

So great was the toll of U-boats that the Norwegians were offered £10,000 placed in a Swiss bank if they could pass on the details. But Berg and Klausen were determined to carry out only those assignments which appealed to them and no reply was ever received to Berlin's signal.

They did, though, send the message, "Happy birthday to you," on Müller's birthday.

In two years of spying Berg and Klausen sent more than sixty important reports to the Abwehr. Their chiefs began to worry about this success, and feared that they were working, in fact, for the British.

At the beginning of 1944, psychiatrists and other Abwehr specialists examined every message received from Berg and Klausen in a bid to find out if they were operating under duress. Trick messages, containing deliberate inaccuracies, were also transmitted to



As Petter raised the gun, the detectives closed in. One of them seized his wrist, and tried to jerk the weapon free

the two men but they passed these tests every time by replying with sarcasm which seemed absolutely genuine.

But German doubts still lingered. The Abwehr in Berlin determined to find out the real truth. They decided to send a spy to spy on the spies.

A Norwegian miner with Nazi sympathies was recruited. He was to be dropped by parachute in the Scottish Highlands to spy on Berg and Klausen.

The plan misfired. On landing by parachute the Norwegian Nazi broke his leg. He was picked up by the police and sent to a secret internment camp.

The first thing the Abwehr knew of the accident was a very rude and angry message from Berg and Klausen about a fortnight later: "Don't you fools realize that this sort of nonsense might have led to our capture by the British secret service? If any further operation of this type is attempted we will end our contact with the Abwehr."

This signal caused alarm in Oslo and Berlin. How had Berg and Klausen found out about the other spy? At first it was felt that they could only have heard about it through M.I.5. Then it was realized that even if the Norwegians had been "turned round," it was unlikely that the British would have allowed them to complain to the Abwehr. The conclusion was that they had probably picked up news of the accident to the third spy in local pubs.

Berg and Klausen continued to radio valuable information about troop movements in Britain, and they were still in touch with Oslo as late as 1945.

THE leading character in another fantastic Abwehr adventure was a small, agile, fair-haired German known as Hans Sorensen, a former ironmonger.

Even before 1939 Sorensen, who possessed an exceptional knowledge of safe-breaking, was already a legend in the Abwehr. At the French Consulate in Hamburg he had carried out what can be described as the first "Operation Cicero"—six years before the valet of the British Ambassador in Turkey had the same idea.

Sorensen was instructed to take a job at the consulate as a porter. It did not take him long to discover that his master, the consul, went to Mass at the same time every Sunday morning. The versatile little ironmonger made a skeleton key which fitted the lock of the consul's confidential safe.

Each Sunday morning the routine was the same. As soon as the consul went to Mass, Sorensen slipped upstairs, opened the safe and selected any documents which looked interesting. By motor cycle he went to the Abwehr office in Sophienstrasse, where photographic experts were waiting. In a few minutes all the documents had been photographed. Sorensen roared back to the consulate—and when the consul returned everything was just as before.

For nearly two years, Sorensen provided the Abwehr with a choice selection of French secret documents. Then in the summer of 1938 came the Sudeten crisis. The French Ambassador in Berlin, Mr. André François-Poncet, who was certainly the best-informed foreign diplomat in the Third Reich, arrived at the consulate in Hamburg. Even more secret papers went into the consul's safe. Once again Sorensen got to work.

The ambassador and the consul had to attend some evening function. They had scarcely left before Sorensen opened the safe and extracted what he could find. Once again the documents were photographed at the Abwehr office. Sorensen was still in the process of returning them to the safe when he heard a car outside. The ambassador and the consul had returned.

Hastily Sorensen banged the door of the safe and slipped downstairs. He was sure that if the consul examined the safe he would almost certainly know that someone had been at it.

All that night Sorensen waited tensely for the storm to break. But nothing happened. Finally he decided to take evasive action.

As soon as an opportunity occurred, he slipped upstairs, opened the safe and took from it 10,000 marks which he had noticed when he returned the documents. Sorensen carefully left clues pointing to himself as the thief.

The German police were summoned

and it did not take them long to track down Sorensen. He was arrested and appeared in court on a charge of theft and was sentenced. Next day he was removed to jail. In due course he was permitted to slip away from prison and return to the Abwehr in Berlin.

And what a welcome he received! The final documents he had extracted were a sensation. One was nothing less than a list of the spies of the French secret service—the Deuxième Bureau—operating in Germany.

In 1941, Lahousen was faced with the necessity of carrying out a special enterprise against the British. He detailed Sorensen for the job.

Hitler had become furious when he discovered that, despite the German occupation of Norway and Denmark, the British were continuing to operate a courier aircraft several times a week between Leuchars in Scotland and Stockholm. The plane carried not only the British diplomatic bag to and from the British Embassy in Stockholm, but was also used to transport British propaganda material—films, magazines and newspapers—for use against the Germans in neutral Sweden.

The Abwehr, though, was far from opposed to the arrival of British newspapers in Stockholm; British dailies

coaster docked in Stockholm and the captain at once announced to the Swedish port authorities that his ship had engine trouble. He indicated that he would need ten days to repair it—adequate time for the saboteurs.

Two days later, Abwehr agents in Sweden warned Sorensen that the British plane had arrived. At once Sorensen, made a reconnaissance.

He decided that Pedro and the first mate of the coaster were in better physical condition for crawling through barbed wire and across the airfield than he was. So on the following night Pedro and the first mate, in dark clothes and carrying Mausers, wire-cutting appliances and a time bomb, were driven to the airfield.

They cut their way through the wire; and slowly they edged round a hangar beyond which they knew the plane was standing. Pedro cautiously put his head round the corner.

Not fifty yards away stood the plane with its British markings—but on it were concentrated half a dozen floodlights. And in the centre of the glare stood a cordon of Swedish sentries.

One look was enough. Pedro and his companion quietly retreated.

Next morning the engines of the coaster underwent an astonishingly

with German and Austrian Jews who had escaped to England."

The spies were correct—up to a point. In fact, these sections of the Pioneer Corps were recruited solely from German and Austrian refugees, all of whom had been in the United Kingdom before the outbreak of war, and some of whom later became distinguished British staff officers. The German spies did not know this, however.

As a result, the Abwehr staff produced a spectacular plan by which Sorensen would "desert from the Wehrmacht in Norway." He and two companions would then steal a boat in which they would cross the North Sea and volunteer for service with the Pioneer Corps.

The Abwehr staff was quite sure that once the spies were in the army, the excellent British institution of the long weekend which, it had been heard in Germany, persisted in Britain even in wartime, would provide ample time for continuous sabotage.

With Sorensen it was decided to send Pedro and a pro-Nazi Dane, known to the Abwehr as Hansen.

Sorensen was given a paybook making him a member of 388th Landesschutz Regiment stationed in Norway. Pedro got the papers of a German sailor serving on a refrigeration ship in Oslo Fiord, and Hansen, who had already been serving in the German Army, was brought to Oslo, where he reported to the Abwehr office in the skyscraper in Klingenberg Gate.

As in similar Abwehr operations, no real thought was given to corroborating the cover stories. Sorensen had no contact with the regiment from which he was supposed to have deserted, while Pedro had not even visited the refrigeration ship to which he was said to belong.

In mid-November Sorensen and his two companions set out by train for Stavanger, where they met Andersen and Koblichke.

A small Norwegian fishing boat had been seen in a harbour near Stavanger and, one dark night in the last week of November, Sorensen, Pedro and Hansen seized the vessel, just as deserters might do. Lying nearby was a German naval launch with sailors in civilian clothes. After putting aboard the fishing boat enough diesel oil for the North Sea crossing the launch towed the boat out to sea and cast off.

The three spies were on their way to join the British Army.

DAWN came a few hours later, and almost immediately a northerly gale sprang up. For days the nightmare trip went on in mountainous seas and the spies were forced to turn back. Not until the twelfth day did they see land. Eventually they reached harbour on the island of Blomeos. They had only just done it; the boat's tank was empty.

Sorensen hastily concealed the registration number of their boat. He knew that Norwegian Resistance men were in every port, and he did not wish the boat to be identified.

Still in the civilian clothes in which he had "deserted" he went ashore and found a German port officer who, after some argument, permitted him to send a signal to the Abwehr office in Oslo. A few hours later Koblichke, with an armed guard of German soldiers, appeared at the little port and after a broad wink at Sorensen arrested the spies as deserters.

Sorensen, Pedro and Hansen were handcuffed and marched aboard a Norwegian coastal steamer which was to take them to Stavanger. Soon afterwards, a pretty blonde Norwegian stewardess appeared with food. Sorensen, who had a highly developed sense of humour, told her of their attempt to desert and to reach Scotland.

"Now," he said sadly, "we are being taken back to Oslo to be shot."

The poor girl departed almost in tears. Later she reappeared with cigarettes and chocolate. "A gift from the Norwegian Resistance," she said.

From Stavanger, the spies were taken to German headquarters in Oslo. After their escort had been dismissed they were released.

Sorensen at once made out a report on his attempt to reach Scotland which was transmitted to Berlin. Lahousen, realizing that North Sea fishing boat excursions in mid-winter were unlikely to



Slowly, the saboteurs cut their way through the airfield's barbed wire. Ahead lay their target—and a ring of sentries

were one of their most valuable sources of information.

Both Canaris and Lahousen thought that if Hitler felt strongly about the plane he should order Goering's Luftwaffe to do something about it.

The Luftwaffe did in fact make repeated efforts to catch the plane, but they were unsuccessful and Hitler became peremptory. To appease him Lahousen was ordered to make an attempt on the plane at Stockholm.

Sorensen was issued with a false Dutch passport which described him as a seaman. At the same time he was provided with an assistant, a Brazilian-born German in his early twenties known as Pedro Kupferhagen.

Sorensen and Pedro got into touch with two nominally neutral Finns—a captain of a coaster and his young first mate—who had been recruited for the purpose of transporting the necessary explosives to Stockholm. Soon afterwards, with Sorensen and Pedro signed on as members of the crew, the coaster set out.

It headed first for Finland, for Sorensen thought that the best chance of smuggling explosive into Sweden was to arrive in a neutral ship from a neutral port. After its roundabout voyage, the

rapid repair and she sailed for Hamburg. No further attempt was made—by the Abwehr at least—to interfere with the British courier plane, and it continued to function until the end of the war.

Sorensen and Pedro were next attached to the Oslo office of the Abwehr. Since the spring of 1941 there had been renewed interest in operations in Britain.

Lahousen felt that although he had various agents in Britain there was need for more major sabotage, particularly against aircraft factories.

Sorensen was the obvious man to lead such an operation. Lahousen decided to send him to England as soon as possible. There was one big difficulty though—Sorensen's lack of English. Clearly a plan had to be devised which, while taking care of this handicap, would provide opportunity for him to carry out sabotage.

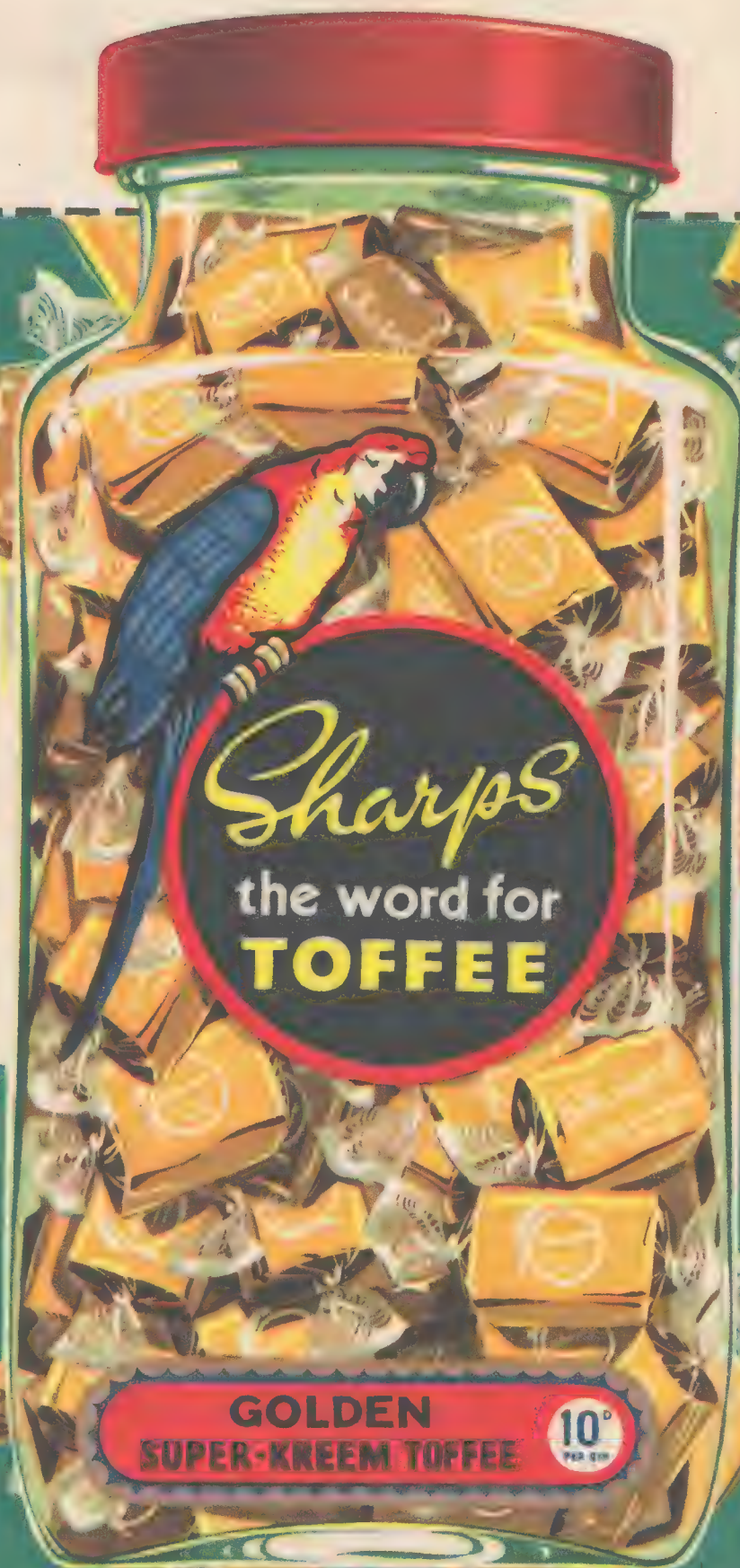
While Sorensen went on a refresher course in sabotage, Lahousen's staff hit on a scheme for getting Sorensen into Britain. In the previous few weeks Abwehr spies who were already in Britain had reported that there were "Germans in the British Army"—in non-combatant companies of the Pioneer Corps. These companies were "filled

new the most delicious,
smoothest
toffee ever made!



Sharp's
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Now make the happiest discovery of your sweet life—Sharp's Golden Super-Kreem! So Kreemy-smooth, so deliciously different you'll come back for more and more!!





The fisherman jumped up to face a gun. "Stay where you are," said Pedro. "I know who is starting the motor"

pay dividends, ordered that the operation, enlarged and replanned, should be postponed until early spring.

When he came to read Sorensen's report he appreciated how amateurish the planning had been. He insisted that before the spies set out again everything had to be checked in detail.

By the beginning of 1942 Lahousen had decided to take over personal supervision of the operation. He saw the success of it, and the amount of subsequent sabotage which might be achieved, in terms of a battle of wits between the Abwehr and M.I.5. Everything depended on whether his men could trick the British secret service into believing that they were deserters.

Lahousen was impressed by the need to include in the party a man who could not only speak perfect English, but also had enough knowledge and experience of the British to put across the story of the desertion convincingly. So in Hansen's place Lahousen substituted Hans Braun, a big, good-natured accountant from Hamburg who had a considerable secret service background.

Braun, who was nearly forty, had worked for Scottish mining companies in South America, and had married a British wife there. In 1938 he opened a stamp shop not far from Tottenham Court Road in London. He went to the Channel Islands, and during the German occupation became chief German Intelligence officer in Guernsey.

Two other tough men, Hans Mewe and Fritz Koch, were also included.

Lahousen went to work on providing the deserters with watertight cover stories. Sorensen, equipped with complete Wehrmacht kit and a paybook showing him to be a member of the 388th Landesschutz Regiment, was sent to that formation, which was guarding an island in Oslo Fiord. He quickly memorized the names of many of the officers of the 388th, past and present, and details of the depot town near Magdeburg, including even the regiment's favourite pubs.

Pedro was sent to the German ship in Oslo Fiord and Braun suddenly became a German civilian accountant in the office of the German Town Commandant in Oslo. There, on instructions from Berlin, he started to cook the books. He "embezzled" German Army funds so that when the time for the trip to Britain came his colleagues understood

that he had an excellent reason for his sudden departure.

Mewe and Koch, who had been serving with the German Air Sea Rescue Service on the Channel coast, were transferred to Norway. They needed little encouragement when it was suggested that they might start stealing from their canteen to give them a reason for "desertion."

On April 20 Andersen and Koblichke left for Bergen to look for a boat for the spies to steal. In the harbour they found a typical Norwegian fishing boat, the Luna, which was owned by a father and son. Each evening they filled the tank of the Luna with enough oil for a fishing trip to Scotland.

On reaching Bergen, the five spies parted immediately. It was essential that they were not seen together—or with Koblichke or Andersen.

The Bergen clocks were striking twelve noon on April 26 when two men, one small and lean and the other dark and Latin-looking, peered into a shop window on one of Bergen's main streets. In their clothes of Norwegian fishermen, it took a moment to identify Sorensen and Pedro, but Koblichke, on watch at the other side of the road, spotted them. Standing beside them, but giving no sign of recognition, Koblichke whispered: "Your boat is called the Luna. It is along Quay No. 2 after ten o'clock tonight. Everything is organized. Bartels will send a man to start the diesel."

The reason for this last remark was that Andersen and Koblichke had discovered that the diesel of the Luna was of an old-fashioned type. To prevent delay they had arranged for a German naval mechanic to be on hand.

SORENSEN and Braun were taken in a Scamouflaged naval launch to a point off the coast where they would board the Luna after it had been stolen. Pedro, Mewe and Koch, who were to carry out the theft, waited until nightfall and made their way to Quay No. 2.

Acting on their instructions, the three men walked across the quay, rolling slightly as if they were drunk. Pedro drew a Luger pistol from his pocket and fired a couple of rounds into the air. Mewe and Koch did likewise. The Abwehr staff in Berlin had been convinced that a sure way to send all good Norwegians into hiding in those difficult

days was to pretend to start a shooting incident.

For a moment Pedro thought he saw a light come on and go out again in an upper storey of a tall building overlooking Quay No. 2, but he scarcely gave it a second thought.

After firing the shots the spies waited for a few moments. Then, satisfied that they were unobserved, they moved swiftly towards the Luna. A figure darted towards them. It was the German naval mechanic.

"There's a big snag," the mechanic gasped. "You can't get aboard. Two men are on the boat. They look like the captain and his son."

The plan did not account for such an eventuality. But Pedro was a man of resource. Anticipating that something of this sort might occur, he had in his pocket a bottle of schnapps doctored with morphine.

Quietly he boarded the Luna and banged on the cabin door. The skipper, a man with grey hair, appeared. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I'm looking for my friend Christensen," said Pedro. "He told me I would find him here."

"You must have made a mistake," said the skipper. "Only me and my son are here."

Pedro had managed to push himself into the half-open door. The argument became fierce until suddenly Pedro drew out the bottle of schnapps.

"No offence," he muttered. "Have a drink." He thrust the bottle towards the skipper.

The Norwegians drank deeply. . . . The morphine soon began to affect the older man. The son, who had a much stronger constitution, was just getting glassy-eyed when suddenly from the engine-room came the sound of somebody trying to start the motor. The naval mechanic had disobeyed the order to stay on the quay and was trying to get the Luna out of harbour.

"Something funny is going on here," said the son. He jumped up as if to leave the cabin—but found himself looking at Pedro's gun.

"Stay where you are. I know who is starting the motor," said Pedro.

"Well, whoever he is, he won't start it. I'm the only one who can do that."

The efforts of the mechanic were all too obviously proving unsuccessful. Again Pedro had to make a decision

quickly. The skipper was by this time nearly helpless.

Still covering the son, Pedro said: "Come on then. You can start it." Pedro pressed his gun into the young Norwegian's back and followed him to the engine-room. Mewe and Koch, alarmed by what was going on, had also come aboard.

A few moments later, when the Norwegian had started the motor, the Luna began to vibrate. Mewe and Koch cast off. The boat headed for the sea.

The operation was now going according to plan—except that the Luna carried two unwanted passengers. Pedro attempted to talk them into going with the Luna across the North Sea.

"We are German deserters," he told the son. "We are going to England. Come with us."

But the son shook his head. "There's a dinghy trailing astern," he said. "We can row ashore."

Pedro agreed to this. The father, who was almost senseless, was lifted and dropped into the dinghy. The son tried to jump after him, but because of the schnapps and the morphine he fell into the water, overturning the dinghy. The two drunken men floated in the sea.

Pedro was an Abwehr spy, but he was not a murderer. Five minutes later, the two Norwegians, more dead than alive, were dragged back on board.

Pedro decided there was nothing for it but to maroon them. As the Luna sailed down a fiord towards the sea, he sighted a small rocky island about four hundred yards from the shore. Pedro put the fishing boat as close to the island as possible. With difficulty, the spies got the two men on to the rocks and left them there, knowing that they would be seen and rescued at daybreak.

The Luna headed out of the fiord and later picked up Sorensen and Braun from the launch, which took off the naval mechanic.

All that night and in the fine spring weather next day the Luna chugged across the North Sea.

At dawn on April 30 Braun and Sorensen saw a dark headland rising out of the sea. After consulting their charts they decided that they had reached the Moray Firth.

Sorensen decided to enter a harbour on the next high tide, around midnight. Throughout the afternoon and evening of that day the Luna cruised between the entrance of the Dornoch Firth and the Ord of Caithness.

Fifteen years later, Sorensen commented: "We might have landed 15,000 German troops on that coast for all the British seemed to care." He was mistaken though. The Luna had appeared as a small blob on the radar screens watching the Moray Firth.

It was dark when the Luna entered the small harbour of Helmsdale. Scandinavian fishing boats were frequent arrivals along the shores of the Moray Firth in those days and there was a well-organized routine for handling them. The local officer of the Sutherland Constabulary was alerted and an immediate phone call was put through to the Field Security Police.

The policeman, a stolid Highlander, rowed out towards the Luna.

As he approached, one of the spies threw him a rope and two others helped him on to the deck.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Who are you, and where have you come from?"

He was scarcely prepared for the answer, in perfect English, given by Braun. "We are Germans," said Braun. "We have come from Norway, where we stole this boat. We are all deserters from the German Army."

The policeman drew out his notebook and began to write down their names. Then there was a bump alongside. A sergeant and three corporals in khaki holding revolvers appeared. The Field Security Police had arrived.

"There's something for you here tonight," said the policeman. "These are Germans."

Under escort, but with the soldiers chatting to them, the Germans were marched to a wooden shed. After being given sandwiches and cups of tea they were locked in with a few Army blankets and told to go to sleep.

The four who understood little or no

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picked and canned all on a summer's day



Posing as a German deserter, Hans Sorensen sailed to Britain. M.I.5 men failed to break down his alibi

Kurt Andersen was the Abwehr's master agent in Norway, and sent many Nazi spies to Britain

English were quick to take that advice. But Braun could hear what was going on in an adjacent room, where non-stop telephone calls were being made. He became aware of new voices—one with a deep Northern accent which seemed to belong to a senior police officer, and two others with accents which Braun, with his knowledge of London, was sure came from the south of England.

After listening intently he began to suspect that the southerners were secret service officers.

Braun was worried. *Why, he wondered, should secret service men intervene at such an early stage?*

Some hours later the door of the shed was opened and a soldier appeared with food and more tea. As they breakfasted Braun warned his companions to stick to their cover stories.

After washing, the spies were led into the spring sunshine and saw five identical black civilian cars awaiting them. In each car was a driver and two escorts in civilian clothes. The spies were put into separate cars and the convoy set off at high speed.

In the late afternoon the convoy crossed a river and swept into a large town. Braun, despite the absence of signposts along the road, had little difficulty in guessing that they had reached Inverness. The five cars drove straight to the station. There the Germans were escorted, by soldiers with fixed bayonets, to a train which was on the point of leaving. Part of a carriage had been reserved for the party and each of the Germans was put into a compartment with his two escorts. The train left immediately.

In the early evening the Germans were told: "Come and have dinner. You must be hungry." Each spy sat in the dining car at a separate table with his escort.

Late in the evening the train reached Perth and the Germans, weary after their voyage and the excitement of their first encounter with the British, showed signs of going to sleep. At once there was a change of tactics.

"What's your name?" Sorensen was suddenly asked in German.

Sorensen, who in later years admitted that he had used at least ten different names during his Abwehr activities, was nonplussed for a moment by the suddenness of the question. But quickly he answered: "I've told you already. I am Hans Sorensen, a deserter from the German Army."

"You are lying," said the escort. "We know all about you. You're a

German spy. The whole damned lot of you are German spies."

Sorensen denied the charge, but wondered about that claim: "we know all about you." All through the night while the express roared southwards the interrogation went on. Sometimes the escorts let Sorensen doze off. Then he was awakened suddenly and bombarded with new questions.

In the compartments along the corridor the other four spies were undergoing the same ordeal.

"Since you say you know so much, why worry me?" Braun asked his escort. "Let me get some sleep. You can wake me from time to time and I'll tell you if you are guessing right." Despite this bold front, he was alarmed.

Dawn came, and as the express thundered through the Chilterns, Braun wondered what his mother-in-law, living not so far away near Bourne-mouth, would think if she knew of his present circumstances.

Eventually the train pulled into a vast dirty terminus which Braun recognized as Euston. An armed guard was drawn up on the platform. A few moments later the spies were marched across the station and into a large waiting-room. In the waiting-room was an extraordinary reception committee—a group of high-ranking British officers. In the centre of the group, with a red hat-band and red and gold insignia on his lapels, was a general. Beside him was a full colonel, who glared at the Germans.

Plainly this was no ordinary welcome for five refugees. Only some very special information could have caused such a pre-breakfast parade of brass-hats.

"You're late, men," said the colonel harshly. "Where have you been all this time? We've been waiting for you for two days. What do you mean by keeping these distinguished officers and gentlemen waiting?"

BRAUN pretended not to understand, but he was aghast. The British had been expecting them. Who was to blame? The skipper and his son?

The skipper of the Luna and his son had indeed been rescued from their island. They had told their story to the Norwegian resistance in Bergen a few hours later. At almost the same time German counter-intelligence men had swooped on the high building overlooking Bergen harbour from which Pedro had thought he had seen a light. In an upper room the Germans had discovered a British agent's hideout—empty.

But of these things Braun and his

companions of course knew nothing as they stood in the Euston waiting-room. He even began to wonder if the carefully staged reception was a gigantic bluff.

The colonel spoke to the general, then ordered: "Shackle and gag them."

The spies were handcuffed to soldier escorts and strips of adhesive bandage were fixed across their eyes and mouths. They were led out into waiting cars. After about half an hour the cars stopped and the spies were taken into a building where they spent about a quarter of an hour. They were put back into the cars and driven for another half hour. After this, they were led down some stone stairs and pushed roughly into what they discovered—as soon as their eyes were unbandaged—were separate cells.

Their clothes and belongings were taken from them and they were given British civilian outfits with large white circles on the jackets and knees of the trousers.

They were again locked in their cells. An hour later their doors were opened again and a soldier arrived with food. Lunch was served. The spies expected the worst. They had heard rumours of what went on in Nazi concentration camps and the German prisoner-of-war camps for the British in Poland and elsewhere. But this meal was strictly according to international convention—soup, meat and mashed potatoes, bread, and a steamed pudding which none of them liked. They did in fact get exactly the same food as their guards, and were much better off than many civilians in Britain in 1942.

For the rest of that day, just a week after leaving Oslo, the Germans were left alone, except for when guards brought their meals. But the following morning after breakfast they were taken in turn to interrogation rooms on the first floor of the building. There they were greeted by the colonel they had seen at Euston. Once again, he was scarcely genial.

"You German spies," he barked at Sorensen. "You know what's coming to you? Three feet above the ground!" He drew his hand across his throat to indicate hanging. "Then three feet below the ground!"

That was simply an opening gambit. He fired more questions and then the interrogation was handed over to a major and other officers. Some of these were German- and Austrian-born refugees who had fled from the Nazis before the war.

The spies told their cover stories, after which came the cross-examinations—quiet, polite, but devastatingly thorough. At the end of two or three arduous sessions Sorensen and Braun began to understand why Lahousen had warned them to expect a battle of wits. The battle was on. If they won, they might join the Pioneer Corps. If they lost they would be hanged.

Morning after morning the interrogation went on. Often the queries seemed innocuous, but it did not take the spies long to discover how clever the interrogation was. One day a British captain asked Sorensen: "Are you a member of the Nazi Party?" To be on the safe side Sorensen, who had been one of Himmler's S.D. men, answered: "No." Days passed, and then the same officer asked casually: "Where did you wear your decorations?" Members of the S.S. and other Nazi formations wore their decorations differently from ordinary members of the Wehrmacht. Sorensen remembered this in time and gave the answer which a private of the 388th Regiment should have done.

On another day the interrogation officer returned to the old question: "Where were you serving when you deserted?"

"On the island of Hoved Oeen near Oslo," said Sorensen.

"Most interesting," replied the officer. "Here's an aerial picture of the island. Perhaps you will show me where your camp was."

Sorensen gulped and thanked his lucky stars that Lahousen had insisted on him spending some weeks there.

Finally the officer produced a photograph. "You really should have been more careful," he told Sorensen. It was a photograph of Sorensen in civilian clothes taken a few yards from the German headquarters at Oslo's Klingenberg

Gate. Obviously it had been taken by a member of the Norwegian Resistance.

Sorensen was in a panic but he noticed that it was not a very good picture of him. "Sorry, captain," he laughed. "That's not me. Your spies must have made a mistake."

The British officer grinned but said no more. And so the battle continued.

After three weeks Sorensen was put into the same cell as Pedro. Sorensen was anxious to talk to Pedro. To avoid any risk of being overheard, Pedro and Sorensen conversed by writing with soap on the inside of the cell door.

"Which way did the Luna go out—bow or stern first?" wrote Sorensen.

"Bow," scrawled Pedro in reply. Finally after a considerable expenditure of soap, their stories tallied.

For seven months the battle went on. Braun and Sorensen kept on hoping that if they could hold out long enough they would be released and allowed to join the Pioneer Corps as Lahousen had hoped. But the longer the interrogation continued the clearer it became that the colonel and his officers strongly suspected that some of the five Germans, at least, were spies or saboteurs. It was equally clear, however, that M.I.5 was not certain about this and did not have enough evidence to try any of them before a British court of law.

Just before Christmas, 1942, Sorensen, Braun, Koch and Mewe were loaded into a van and after an hour's drive found themselves in another camp. M.I.5 had decided to call it a draw.

Sorensen and Braun were given jobs in the magnificent all-electric cookhouse, built apparently regardless of expense by the War Office. For the next two and a half years they carried on a very successful black market with the British soldiers who guarded them. The seventy-two internees in the camp got 25 lb. of real coffee—nothing ersatz, as in Germany—and 9 lb. of tea each week. This was far more than was needed, so Sorensen and Braun exchanged their surplus for cigarettes, books, chocolate or money.

By July, 1945, Sorensen had acquired £500 in notes, which to his great regret he was forced to leave behind when a few weeks after the end of the war he was suddenly transferred to the British Zone of occupied Germany with Braun, Mewe and Koch. Of Mewe and Koch little more is known. Braun remained interned until 1947, when he returned home to Hamburg.

Sorensen's adventures were not at an end. On his arrival in Germany he was sent to the Sennelager internment camp. There it occurred to him that the British had never learned his real name, and that if he was discharged in due course from Sennelager it would be under the name of Sorensen—in which case he would be unable to claim bank accounts and other property held in his real name in Hamburg.

He made a daring decision. He escaped from Sennelager. In Hamburg he made discreet inquiries about his friends and possessions. Then, hitchhiking south, he illegally crossed into Austria. He was at once arrested for being without papers and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for illegal entry. But he was careful to give the Austrians his real name, and when he was released from the Austrian prison he had documents making him legally himself. Sorensen returned to Germany and later settled in the Ruhr.

Pedro did not go to Germany with the other spies. Unknown to his companions, he had become M.I.5's problem child. His story that he had been a student forcibly enlisted in the Wehrmacht because of his German background rang true to the British. His presence in the party had perhaps been Lahousen's master-stroke, for he had created just enough doubt for the British to believe that the "desertions" might have been genuine.

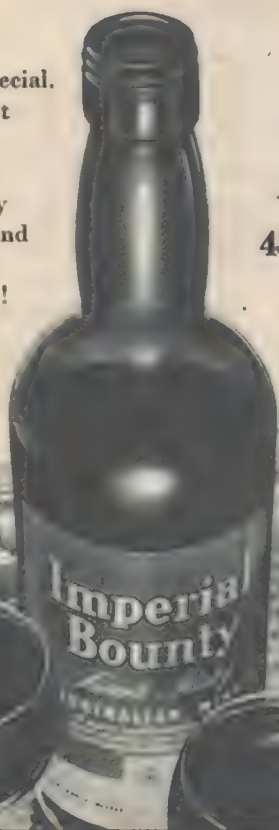
A few hours after Pedro's companions had left the centre where the interrogations had taken place, a British officer sent for him and told him that he was to be sent home to Brazil. Britain would pay his fare.

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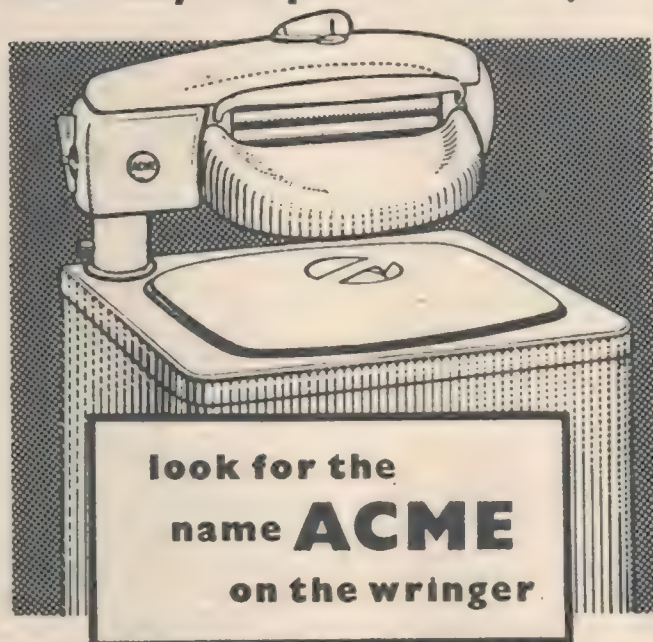
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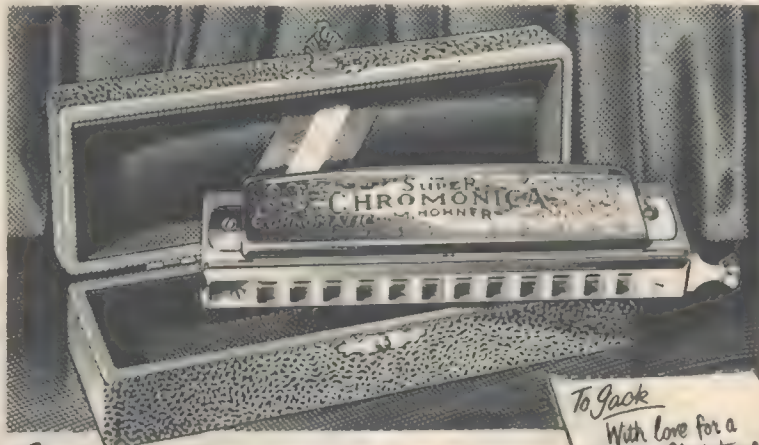


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thinking about

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Journey into snow

Continued from page 25

him off. The leopard changed direction and came instead straight towards Nainu, who flashed out his knife and shouted.

The animal braked in a spray of snow.

Nainu's blood was singing with battle. He jumped at his enemy, confidently expecting him to drop his kill and bolt, instead of waiting to receive the blow. The leopard did indeed drop the goat, which fell, dead but kicking, into the snow. But he did not spring away. He crouched and snarled. There was a cold blaze of teeth and whiskers and eyes. In the snow, in the firelight, he shone patterned gold, a beautiful, dreadful killer.

Who knows what might have happened, but that Chang was now on the scene. He had been baulked by the maddened, milling sheep, but he was coming round them in giant bounds, flat to the ground as he cornered. The rest of the dogs were behind him. They meant to roll the leopard over and finish him off even if he should disembowel one or two of them as he died.

The leopard abandoned both Nainu and his kill, and leaped for his life. With Chang's jaws about to close on the streamed-out black-and-yellow tail, he made like a cat for a tree and shot up among the branches.

The dogs threw themselves in pandemonium round the trunk, crazy for blood. They sprang and dropped and sprang again, and scrambled and bayed below the treed leopard, but could not move it.

Nainu and the rest of the men from the camp were now coming up with axes. "Fell the tree," Nainu commanded, and placed himself to receive the leopard.

Chink-clang went the ringing strokes of the axe. Raw wood flew. The tree began to move. A push and over it went, slowly, gracefully. The top swished down straight into the baying dogs.

There was a roar, as the leopard leaped like a shooting star, over



"We're having a bit of trouble tracing that squeak"

Nainu's head, but the dogs had him. He disappeared under them.

The scream of damaged dogs was lost in the fury of battle, upon which gentle flakes of snow began to fall. The pack heaved. Chang's head came up, with the leopard's teeth fastened to his neck.

Nainu saw the leopard's hind claws open the big dog's flank. He threw himself into the fight with his knife. He grabbed the leopard's ear in one hand and with the other dealt a great chopping blow that split the skull. Then he put his blade between the dead jaws, opened them, and lifted Chang away. The dog, in pain, not knowing what he was doing, sank his teeth in his master's flesh.

Leaving others to skin the leopard, and with Chang savaging his hand, Nainu carried his dog to the tents. "Bring hot water," he commanded. "Bring milk and spirits. This one will lie in here till he is well again. We will not march till he has recovered."

When they had done what they could

for Chang, who would not be really stiff and ill till tomorrow, the dog came to his senses. He began to lick the wounds he had dealt his master.

Suddenly, after battle, silence fell. Snowflakes were entering the tent through the smoke vent; they could be heard hissing into the fire. Nainu started to clean his knife. One of the women said to him: "While you were out, the first of the babies was born. A man-child."

"A man..." Nainu went over and looked down at the tiny new person in the rumple of blanket. The baby was too small for him to dare touch it. An uncontrollable smile cracked his face.

"Chang! I am become a grandfather!" he cried out.

One of the puppies had left his blanket to visit Chang. His entire body was about the size of Chang's head. He now fastened himself to the big dog's ear, and settled down to chew it.

Chang bore the attack with a patient smile. THE END

Greek fire

Continued from page 13

abruptly she drank the brandy at a gulp.

"Give me the name of the man who killed Juan. That's all I want to know."

"I have no proof that would satisfy the police."

She said: "Tell me the name and I will not go to the police."

Vanbrugh said: "What's the good of trying to revenge yourself on a paid nobody? I'm interested in the man your husband was interested in."

She leaned heavily against the table, staring at him. "Today I am not a happy woman. I loved Juan. Does that mean anything to you? Yesterday I was a married woman, a successful dancer, known all over Europe, happy. You know? Today I am a widow. Today I have no wish whether I live or die. For only one thing do I want to live—d'you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. But there are more ways—"

"Wait. You have understood that. Now understand this. You come upon me saying what you know, knowing much of this affair. What am I to think? Either you tell me that name, or perhaps you are the murderer yourself."

Vanbrugh said: "Juan Tolosa must have known what he was doing. You're his wife. Perhaps you know what he had to sell."

She hesitated. "He did not have it here. Was he such a fool? He left it safe in Spain."

"Does Philip Tolosa, your brother-in-law, know you have come here without it?"

Maria got to her feet. She said: "I will go, since you have nothing to tell me."

He said: "The man driving the car was probably a silversmith called

Mandraki. He was there at the Little Jockey last night, but he is not the night-club type. I thought it strange at the time."

"So?"

"But he's just a hired man, a go-between. . . . You say this thing you were trying to sell is still in Spain?"

She turned, hands thrust deep into the pockets of her mackintosh, and stood close to the table. "Juan was not born yesterday. What was the name you heard in Paris?"

"Avra."

She shook her head. "It means nothing. Who is he?"

"A man I have met. . . . Señora Tolosa, I think you may be in considerable danger yourself—and your

CONCEIT—1

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Bruce Barton

brother-in-law. If one accident can happen, another may. Tell me, is it letters you have in Spain? Or a diary? Or photographs?"

"Why should I trust you? There is only one thing I want, and that is the life of the man who killed Juan."

"First you have to be sure of his identity."

She said: "This man—this Mandraki—should know."

"I doubt it. One like that only knows the next step above him."

Maria sat down wearily. Her thick lips, made for laughter, were pouting and strained. After a while she said: "I think I must trust you. I am not quite so ignorant of it as I pretended. You know. If a man and a woman are in love, as we were, they do not have

complete secrets. You know that Juan was trying to—make money?"

"Yes."

"It is true that I do not know much. I do not know what Juan had to sell. But I know of the . . . arrangements. He was crazy to paint; he loved Spain and wished to settle in comfort in a small fishing village in Andalusia. That was why he did this."

Maria Tolosa untied the knot of her scarf and pulled it off. Then she shook out her hair.

She said: "He had made arrangements. These papers he had deposited in the Banco d'España in Madrid. In the bank he has a cousin. After Juan had seen this person in Greece, his cousin was to send the documents."

"Was Philip Tolosa in this?"

"He knew of the attempt to get money. He does not know who is the man or what it is that Juan had to sell, but I have talked with him about this. We . . . we are no longer wanting to sell the papers. We wish to use them. You know. That way we can get some revenge."

Vanbrugh rubbed his chin. She was watching him closely. "When do you expect the papers?" he asked.

"Thursday at the earliest. Perhaps Friday."

"The letter will come addressed to you—if it is not tampered with?"

"Yes."

"Can you bring the papers straight to me?"

"And you?" she said.

"If they are what I suppose they may be, then I can help you to make use of them in the most effective way."

"What was the name of the man my husband mentioned in Paris?"

"I've told you. Avra."

"Why are you interested in him?"

"I think, when you get these papers, it may explain that, too."

"I have to trust you," she said.

"If you let me down. . . ." She clasped and unclasped her strong

hands; they seemed to need something to take hold of.

"I'll not let you down," Vanbrugh said. . . .

At about the time Vanbrugh entered Zappeion Park that afternoon, the telephone rang in George Lascou's office. His face lightened when he heard the voice of Anya Stonaris.

"Good morning, George," she said. "I suppose you have been up hours." "Since six." He paused. "And you?"

Anya laughed. "Not long." "You must have been late last night?" His tone was a polite inquiry.

"I had dinner with Jon Manos and two of his friends. Afterwards we went to the Little Jockey."

"You went where?"

"To the Little Jockey. George, it's a perfectly respectable night club. One is in far more danger of being bored than corrupted there."

"Yes. Yes, of course. I know it," he said in slight irritation. "Perhaps one has to be specially careful at a time like this. The opposition press are always out for snippets of scandal, and they know of our connection."

"George, you astonish me. I'll go into purdah until after the election."

Lascou said heavily: "Besides, I've had a report that someone was seen at the Little Jockey last night, an Englishman, who might be out to make

Leon about him and he said he met him first some years ago."

"Perhaps, when you meet him tonight, you will find out where he is staying, Anya?"

"Do the police really believe he was driving that car?"

"I don't know, my dear. The last time he was in this country, six years ago, he was involved in the death of a ship's chandler named Spyros Eliopolis in Piraeus. But it was hushed up."

"Why was it hushed up?"

"Outside influences were at work. Vanbrugh has friends."

"What will happen if the police find he is not the man they want—that he was not the car driver?"

"There will be some irregularity over his passport, I expect."

She laughed gently. "Couldn't we be more original than that?"

"No, seriously. . . . He's a trouble-maker and always will be. To get rid of him is a simple insurance at a time like this."

"Well, perhaps I shall learn more about him tonight."

"Find out as much as possible."

"I'll listen carefully to everything he has to say."

"And, of course," added Lascou, "he will say so much more to you. . . ."

Vanbrugh noticed first her bare arm and hand as she put her glass down, and wondered in a detached way why he instantly knew it was hers. Then he followed his host and saw again the eyes he had seen before, the lips like painted petals, the elegant nose.

The Comte de Trieste said, speaking English for his benefit: "Allow me to introduce Mr. Vanbrugh to you. Mademoiselle Stonaris. . . . Monsieur Taksim. . . . General Telemachos. Mr. Vanbrugh is visiting us from Paris."

Monsieur Taksim was a cotton millionaire from Istanbul. General Telemachos was older, with a face pitted like a map of the moon.

Telemachos said: "This is your first visit to Athens, sir?"

"No, I've been here before," Vanbrugh said, "but it's all quite a time ago, shortly after the war."

"You like Athens, then, to return?"

"The air suits me. It has a kind of harsh clarity. There are no illusions in Greece, are there?" He turned to the girl. "Are there, mademoiselle?"

Her expression as she looked across the room was polite but uninterested. "I should have thought many."

"Perhaps a foreigner is entitled to sentimentalize."

"It's a common mistake." She opened her bag.

He said: "Please smoke one of mine."

"Thank you, no. I don't very much like English cigarettes."

"Or English people?"

She looked at him then with her great dark eyes before lowering them to fit her cigarette into its holder. The party was getting ready to move off. There were ten of them. Vanbrugh had heard of one or two of the others before: a Yugoslav ballerina called Gallanova; a French marquis; a Greek tobacco king.

He found himself sharing a car with Anya and the Turk and the wife of the tobacco king.

Taksim said: "I think, monsieur, you will be bored tonight. A Greek tragedy, in the language of Greece—could anything be duller for you?"

"I've a kind of family interest in it," he said. "My great-grandmother's name was Electra."

Anya glanced at him. "Was she Greek?"

"Yes, Electra Theroudakis. She went to London when she was twenty."

"And never came back?"

"No."

"What a calamity!"

They drew up at the door of the theatre. "Perhaps you speak Greek, then?"

He shrugged, deprecatingly. "Just a smattering."

The Comte de Trieste had followed his briefing admirably: Vanbrugh found himself between Anya and Mrs. Tobacco-King. They were in the eighth row of the stalls and the

Waiting List

by WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

These starlings weave a filigree
Of wings and twilight unaware,
Wheeling in swarms for all to see
In Whitehall and Trafalgar
Square.

Screaming like myriad maddened
strings
As night descends on sill and
stack,
Till the last sentry clings and
sings,
His mate too tired to answer
back.

These have their housing prob-
lems too,
A waiting list for ledge and
plinth
And chimneys with attractive
view
High over London's labyrinth.

So starling bachelors must pine,
And spinsters fade, till some-
one's loss
Brings out the bird-familiar sign:
"Good Bed and Grit—Near
Charing Cross."

trouble. . . . What did you think of the cabaret?"

"It was Spanish."

"Is that all?"

"No. I hate their singing but I love their dancing. George, I saw a man I thought was probably English. He left after the cabaret."

"Yes. . . . Lascou said. "One of those cabaret artists, Juan Tolosa, was killed this morning. A car accident."

"Oh, no! How terrible."

"Unfortunately the driver didn't stop," Lascou said. "The police are wondering if it was this Englishman, Vanbrugh, who was driving."

"Who, George? Did you say Vanbrugh?"

"Yes, why?"

"But that is the name of the man who—you know that tonight I am going to the theatre with Leon de Trieste's party? I heard—oh, an hour ago—that Klaus has fallen ill and an English publisher named Vanbrugh is invited in his place."

"Ah. An interesting coincidence."

"But he must be all right. I asked

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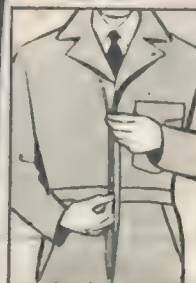
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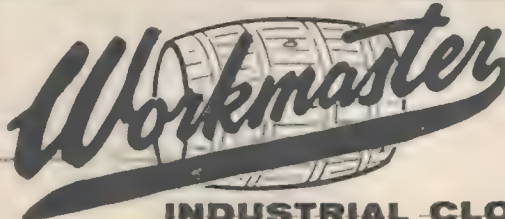
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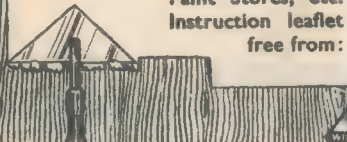
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theatre was blooming with the flower of Athenian society.

He saw the girl glint a smile across at one of the boxes, where a dark, very pale man sat beside a plump woman whose attention just then was on the two young children behind her.

George Lascou, in his rôle of family man and representative of the people.

In the first *entr'acte* Vanbrugh said to the girl: "I shall be going to Delphi shortly. You know the poet, Michael Costopoulos? I have to see him there."

"I envy you the experience." They moved through the crowd of people. "Tell me, do you know everyone in this foyer?"

"No. They're always changing the doorkeeper."

A brief smile broke across his face. "Who is the man talking over there?"

"The Mayor of Athens. He is leading a party in the election. Were you in the army during the war?"

"In a way. You would be too young to remember it. Who is that going up the steps now?"

"George Lascou. He leads the E.M.O. party at the election."

"Anyone here who isn't leading a party?"

"Personalities count in Greece," Anya said. "It is time we were going back."

At the second *entr'acte* she said: "Thank you, no, I'll sit here."

"Then I'll stay, too—if I'm not in your light."

Looking at her, Vanbrugh thought she was as hard as nails. Her brain was as sharp and as cutting as the diamonds hanging from the lobes of her ears. Her eyes were brown, but made darker by their lashes. They had a sort of fringed brilliance which was quite devastating.

She said: "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I was wondering where I'd seen you before. Now I've remembered." "That must be very gratifying for you."

"At the Little Jockey last night." "Now I remember you," Anya said.

"You were sitting two tables away from us. Do you like cheap night club women?"

"They're terrific." "Well, if you do not like them, why do you sit with them?"

"You know how it is when a man goes to a place like that alone."

"Then why go alone?" "To see the show."

"You are interested in dancing?" "I'm interested in dancers," Vanbrugh said.

"Did you know that the Spaniard, Juan Tolosa, was killed in an accident this morning?"

"I read it in the papers."

The others were coming back. Vanbrugh said: "I wonder if you'll have lunch with me one day this week?"

Her expression suggested that she'd had fifty such invitations before.

"Thank you, but I think I shall be busy at present. How long will you be staying in Athens?"

"Not as long as that."

"You have relatives still here, Mr. Vanbrugh?"

"Nobody here."

"You are staying with friends?" "No, I am taking rooms."

She waited but he said no more. They sat in silence for a few moments as they watched the glittering company moving in the gangway in front of them and murmuring about them.

At last Vanbrugh said: "Someone I met said that George Lascou was the most dangerous man in Greece today, a hypocrite with visions of greatness who begins by deceiving himself."

She said contemptuously: "When an election is due, one man will say anything about another in the hope that it will win him a vote. No doubt your friend is of an opposing party. I suppose he told you of my—my connection with George Lascou?"

Vanbrugh said: "I heard he has a taste for beautiful things."

She said: "Perhaps sometime you would be interested to meet this hypocrite, this shady politician."

"I'd be delighted."

She held out her programme and



"H'm—it's kill or cure with Dr. Jaggars, isn't it?"

said: "Write down your address. I can arrange it."

"I will phone you instead," Vanbrugh said. "I'm changing rooms and haven't yet decided where to stay."

"Well, where will you be tonight?" He shrugged. "Out on my ear, I expect. I was supposed to vacate my room by six."

She didn't press any more, and silence fell across the auditorium as the third act began.

Anya was in bed the next morning when the phone rang.

"Hallo? Oh, George..." Anya stifled a yawn. "Did you enjoy the performance?"

"Good enough in its way. And you?"

"The evening was a social success."

He said: "Did you get to talk to Vanbrugh?"

"I didn't discover his address. But

to be recognized. Two or three times in the foyer last night he changed his direction to avoid people, including his own ambassador."

"It shows he's up to no good."

"Even that doesn't make him attractive."

Lascou said: "When is he phoning you, Anya?"

"Sometime this morning."

"What will you say?"

"I shall say nothing. I shall be out."

"Don't do that. Invite him here..."

When Vanbrugh rang, an hour later, he said: "Could I call and see you today?"

"I shall be out."

"With George Lascou?"

"Does it matter?"

"How could it?"

She passed the tip of her tongue over her lips. "My friend, if you would be advised by me, I think you would be a happier man if you confined your interests to publishing."

"I've always found happiness rather an abstract thing to worry about."

She picked up her cigarette case and opened it and took out a cigarette, but then she put it down without lighting it and snapped the case shut. On the back were some words George had had engraved when he gave it to her.

"Hallo," he said.

"Hallo."

"I thought for a moment you had hung up. I would like to see you again. There are some things I'd like to say to you."

Her Italian maid, Edda, came into the room with some red roses in a bowl and put them on the piano. Anya nodded and dismissed her.

Vanbrugh said: "I shall be here probably for another week and..."

"And there are some things you would like to say to me."

"As you remark."

She said: "You still want to meet George Lascou?"

There was a pause. "Yes, I do."

"Then come there tonight. He is giving a small dinner party. I can arrange it."

"Thank you. I'll come."

"At nine. Heracles House, the seventh floor. And please..."

"Yes?"

"Stop sending me red roses."

When she had put back the receiver Anya turned away, frowning. She lit a cigarette and stood for a few moments with the cigarette case still in her

CONCEIT—2

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves.

C. C. Colton

he said he would like to meet you."

"That might be worth while," Lascou said. "Are you seeing him again?"

"Who? Vanbrugh? I hope not. He is dull, and probably harmless."

"He may be the first, but his record doesn't suggest the second."

She said: "Do you want me to see him again?"

"Have you made any arrangement at all?"

"No. I said he might phone me."

"I hope he hasn't made an impression on you."

She said: "Of course he has made an impression on me. So does a headache. So does a pinching shoe."

Lascou coughed gently. He said: "Did you find out nothing about him?"

"I found out that he has lived in Paris for the last three years, that he speaks and reads Greek. I'm not sure how well, and that his firm publishes Michael Costopoulos. He knows quite a lot of people here, but he doesn't want

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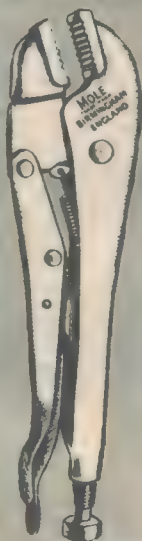
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hand. George's inscription made a roughness under her thumb: "From seeing comes loving. . ."

It was just on nine when Vanbrugh got to Heracles House. A manservant showed him into an ante-room where half a dozen people were talking.

Some he already knew: Maurice Taksim, the Turk; General Telemachos, Gallanova, the Yugoslav ballerina. Others he knew by sight, like Jon Manos. George Lascou came towards him, grey-waistcoated, gold glinting like a welcoming smile from the bridge of the pince-nez. For a short moment their hands touched and eyes met. Almost at once Anya appeared through another door, in a dress that glittered as she walked across the room.

It was a small dinner party, candle-lit at table, in a handsome, high-windowed dining-room. On Vanbrugh's right was Madame Telemachos, on his left was Gallanova. Beyond her was a stout moustached little man called Major Kolono, whom Vanbrugh felt he had seen somewhere before, and who stared fixedly at him.

Madame Lascou was not present. Anya sat on George's right, some distance from Vanbrugh.

They had only spoken a few words in private when Vanbrugh said: "I've hired a car for tomorrow."

"What to do?"

"To take you to Delphi, if you will come. I'm going to see Costopoulos."

"Thank you, no."

They fed on caviare, *coq au vin*, fresh woodland strawberries flown in from Corfu. There were three or four very good talkers present; but Vanbrugh, speaking Greek now, rose to the mood and held his own.

After dinner, coffee and brandy were served in the main salon. Presently Vanbrugh found himself beside Anya. "Who is Major Kolono?" he asked.

Before she could reply, General Telemachos came up and began to pay her compliments. Ignored, Vanbrugh stood his ground. Lascou and Major Kolono were quietly conferring together. Then Kolono left the room and Lascou joined the trio by the window. He said: "I congratulate you, Mr. Vanbrugh, on your knowledge of our language and of ancient Greece. It is quite unusual."

Jon Manos, who was near, turned quickly and took a couple of little side steps: "I was interested by what you were saying at dinner. Of course I can understand your opposition to the word Communism. In America nowadays I understand it ranks as an obscenity to use the word at all."

Although the room was large, the party was at present clustered round the coffee table and within earshot. Nobody seemed to want to move away.

"I would have said they were inclined to use it too often," Vanbrugh replied. "I'm dead against raising anything as a bogey, however much I may dislike it."

Lascou said: "You know, monsieur, the Americans speak very strongly



against the Communist states—and so do many of your own countrymen. They talk of freedom. But is a man truly free who is afraid of not making enough money, afraid of being cheated, afraid of not being thought superior?"

Vanbrugh said: "Man always falls short of his ideal. It happens everywhere. One likes a country or one doesn't like it for better reasons, I hope, than the existence of a few scabs on the surface. The only proviso is that, if one loves a country sufficiently, one may make efforts and even sacrifices to remove a few of the scabs."

The room became suddenly very quiet indeed. Not a coffee spoon clinked. Expressions had become frozen. It was clear that the last remark had been taken in its most personal way, as a deliberate affront.

In the silence Major Kolono returned to the room and stepped forward.

"You are Mr. Peter Robert Vanbrugh?"

"I am."

"The police have been trying to trace you. They called at the address you gave, the Hotel Como, but you were not there."

"I was invited to stay with friends."

"They are anxious to ask you some questions about an accident that took place in Galatea Street last Tuesday morning, in which a man, a Spaniard, was run over and killed."

Vanbrugh looked at Kolono. It was

as if the whole room was ranged against him now. "A Spaniard?"

"Yes, a man called Tolosa. We understand that you were seen driving a car away from Galatea Street shortly afterwards."

"Then you understand wrongly. I have not driven in Athens at all."

Kolono raised his stubby eyebrows. "Where are you staying now?"

"In Benaki Street. Number six."

"Perhaps if I called to see you tomorrow morning at nine?"

"You're connected with the police?"

"I am."

"You don't know yet who ran this man down?"

"I think we have a very good idea."

"Have you questioned Mandraki?"

Kolono stopped rubbing his moustache. "Who?"

"A gunman. You must know him."

"I know a man of that name. A silversmith. He has not a very good record, but he has nothing to do with this. He was in his shop at the time."

"He always is in his shop at the time. One wonders what protection he has."

"That doesn't happen in Greece," said Manos. "You're thinking of America."

"Shady politicians are not peculiar to any one country."

"Who was talking of politicians?" said George Lascou.

"It was an association of ideas."

"May I ask—" Kolono began, but

Vanbrugh cut him short. There was a sudden glint in his uneven grey eyes.

"We're meeting tomorrow. I suggest you wait till then." He turned his back on Kolono and Manos and said to Lascou: "I'm sorry if I've said anything to give you offence. I was talking in general terms, as I imagined you were."

Lascou's pince-nez gave off equivocal glints as he looked at Anya. But she was sipping her coffee and made no sign. "The matter's of absolutely no importance to me, Monsieur Vanbrugh, and I'm sure my friends will be willing to accept your assurance. Now let's change the subject; it is all very boring anyway. . . ."

ANYA stayed behind after the others had left. She said: "It amused me, George, that you invited Kolono here so that Vanbrugh could be practically arrested in your own drawing-room."

He considered her. "Kolono, the fool, had been looking for Vanbrugh for three days. It amused me to face him up with his man tonight."

"Sometimes, George, it is as if you were two people. One minute you argue with Vanbrugh as a guest and an intellectual equal. Then the next you show you have planned to trick him and cheat him because he is a political opponent."

He caught an unfamiliar inflection in her voice. He said: "The conflict between theory and expediency can't be a new one even to you."

"How seriously do you intend to try to involve him in this street accident?"

"That's Kolono's business."

"Oh, come. Kolono, like Jon Manos, jumps when you pull the string."

"Well then, I imagine we shall all be guided by the amount of difficulty Vanbrugh gives. The chief thing is to make him feel, when he leaves Greece, that he was lucky to get out."

She turned now, but her eyes were not to be fathomed. They smiled at him without apparent emotion.

He said: "You're not seriously interested in him?"

"Interested? My dear, what do you think?"

He shrugged. "One never knows. Men like that with their rather hungry looks and modest, arrogant manners—they can have their peculiar appeal."

"You underrate yourself."

"Anyway," he said, "you'll not be troubled with him again. Kolono will see to that."

"If he finds him. I very much doubt if Peter Vanbrugh will be waiting for him when he calls in the morning."

"Oh, we attended to that," said Lascou. "After dinner Kolono telephoned across the square for a couple of his men. They would be waiting for Vanbrugh when he left."

To be continued next week
"Greek Fire" by Winston Graham will be published as a book in January by Hodder and Stoughton, price 12s. 6d.

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Continued from page 30

often. I am happy in my new life, but all the same I do not quite forget."

Emma leaned back and heaved a deep sigh. "It's a terrible relief," she said. "As long as we feared that the dead woman might be Martine, it seemed to be tied up with the family. But now, oh, it's an absolute load off my back. I don't know who the poor soul was, but she can't have had anything to do with us. . . ."

Harold Crackenthorpe's secretary brought in his afternoon cup of tea.

"Thanks, Miss Ellis. I shall be going home early today."

"I'm sure you ought really not to have come at all, Mr. Crackenthorpe. You look quite pulled down still."

"I'm all right," said Harold Crackenthorpe, but he did feel pulled down. Yet he had wanted to come to the office; wanted to get the hang of how affairs were going.

Touch and go, that's what it was. Touch and go. There were no rumours

going around as yet about his financial stability. All the same, the crash couldn't be delayed very long. Now if only his father had passed out instead of Alfred. . . .

Still, with Alfred out of the way, the money that was coming to him from that old curmudgeon, his grandfather, would be sensibly increased, divided not into five shares but into four shares. Very much better.

Harold's face brightened a little. He rose, took his hat and coat and left the office. Better take it easy for a day or two. He wasn't feeling too strong yet. His car was waiting below and very soon he was weaving through the London traffic to his house.

Darwin, his manservant, opened the door. "Her Ladyship has just arrived, sir," he said.

For a moment Harold stared at him. Alice! Good heavens, was it today that Alice was coming home? He'd forgotten all about it. Good thing Darwin had warned him. He went upstairs into the drawing-room and greeted her punctiliously.

"So you're back, my dear. Sorry I

couldn't meet you, but I was held up in the City. I got back as early as I could. How was St. Raphael?"

Alice told him how St. Raphael was. She was a thin woman with sandy coloured hair, a well-arched nose and vague hazel eyes. She talked in a well-bred, monotonous and rather depressing voice. It had been a good journey back, the Channel a little rough; the Customs, as usual, very trying at Dover.

"You should come by air," said Harold, as he always did. "Saves a lot of time."

Lady Alice Crackenthorpe did not answer. It was possible that her problem in life was not to save time but to occupy it.

She inquired politely after her husband's health.

"Emma's telegram quite alarmed me," she said. "You were all taken ill, I understand."

"Yes, yes," said Harold.

He went up to his room and lay down for an hour or two before dressing for dinner. At dinner, *à la carte* with his wife, the conversation ran on

much the same lines. It was desultory, polite; the mention of acquaintances and friends at St. Raphael.

"There's a parcel for you on the hall table—a small one," Alice said.

"Is there? I didn't notice it."

"It's an extraordinary thing, but somebody was telling me about a murdered woman having been found in a barn, or something like that. She said it was at Rutherford Hall. I suppose it must be some other Rutherford Hall."

"No," said Harold, "no, it isn't. It was in our barn, as a matter of fact."

"Really, Harold! A murdered woman in the barn at Rutherford Hall—and you never told me anything about it."

"Well, there hasn't been much time, really," said Harold, "and it was all rather unpleasant. Nothing to do with us, of course."

"Very unpleasant," said Alice. "Did they find out who did it?" she added, with rather perfunctory interest.

"Not yet," said Harold.

They went out from the dining-room

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and crossed into the small study where they usually sat when they were alone. Harold picked up the small parcel from the hall table, about which his wife had spoken to him.

Inside was a small tablet box bearing the label: "Two to be taken nightly." With it was a small piece of paper with the chemist's heading in Brackhampton. Sent by request of Doctor Quimper, was written on it.

Harold Crackenthorpe frowned. He opened the box and looked at the tablets. Yes, they seemed to be the same tablets he had been having. But surely Quimper had said that he needn't take any more? "You won't want them now." That's what Quimper had said.

"What is it, dear?" said Alice. "You look worried."

"Oh, it's just—some tablets. I've been taking them at night. But I rather thought the doctor said don't take any more."

His wife said placidly: "He probably said don't forget to take them."

"He may have done, I suppose," said Harold doubtfully.

He looked across at Alice. She was watching him. Just for a moment or two he wondered—he didn't often wonder about Alice—exactly what she was thinking. That mild gaze of hers told him nothing.

"I think I shall go to bed," he said. "It's been my first day out in the City."

"Yes," said Alice, "I think that's a good idea. I'm sure the doctor told you to take things easily at first."

"Doctors always tell you that," said Harold.

"And don't forget to take your tablets, dear," said Alice. She picked up the box and handed it to him.

He said good night and went upstairs. Yes, he needed the tablets. It would have been a mistake to leave them off too soon. He took two of them and swallowed them with a glass of water.

"Nobody could have made more of a muck of it than I seem to have done," said Dermot Craddock gloomily. He sat, his long legs stretched out, thoroughly tired, upset and dispirited.

Miss Marple made soft, soothing noises of dissent. "No, no, you've done very good work, my dear boy. Very good work indeed."

"I've done very good work, have I? I've let a whole family be poisoned. Alfred Crackenthorpe's dead and now Harold's dead, too. What the hell's going on there? That's what I should like to know."

"Poisoned tablets," said Miss Marple thoughtfully.

"Yes. Devilishly cunning, really. They looked just like the tablets that he'd been having. There was a printed slip sent in with them, 'by Doctor Quimper's instructions.' Well, Quimper never ordered them. There were chemist's labels used. The chemist knew nothing about it, either. No. That box of tablets came from Rutherford Hall."

"Do you actually know it came from Rutherford Hall?"

"Yes. We've had a thorough check-up. Actually it's the box that held the sedative tablets prescribed for Emma."

"Oh, I see. For Emma. . . ."

"Yes. It's got her finger-prints on it and the finger-prints of both the nurses and the chemist who made it up. Nobody else's, naturally. The person who sent them was careful."

"And the sedative tablets were removed and something else substituted?"

"Yes. That of course is the devil with tablets. One tablet looks exactly like another."

"What were the tablets?" Miss Marple asked.

"Aconite. They were the kind that are usually kept in a poison bottle, diluted one in a hundred for outside application."

He uttered something like a groan. "I've made the most ghastly mess of things all along the line. The chief constable down here calls in Scotland Yard, and what do they get? They get me making a prize ass of myself."

"No, no," said Miss Marple.

"Yes, yes. I don't know who

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Dame Irene Ward



IN 1933 I travelled to Helsinki on a goodwill mission, following the signing of a trade agreement between Britain and Finland. On our first evening there we were invited to a state banquet as guests of the Finnish Prime Minister.

It was apparent, from the start, that all I had heard about Finnish hospitality was true. After *schnapps*, we began the meal with the famous Scandinavian *smorgasbord*, or cold table, from which, in the customary manner, we all helped ourselves to a variety of salads, cold fish, cheeses, meats in aspic and a dish—which I found especially delicious—of herring and cooked vegetable salad, drowned in a thick, pink creamy sauce.

We carried our heaped plates to the table and, thoroughly enjoying the informality, I entered enthusiastically into the traditional toasting. Again and again we raised our glasses and shouted *skol* to King, countries, governments.

When we began toasts to individual guests (there were twenty-four of us) I felt that I must find a way out.

I could not refuse to drink a

toast without offending my hosts and I could think of only one solution.

Rising to my feet, I told the company that I would be happy to introduce to them the traditional British custom of "Passing the Loving Cup."

I explained that this meant passing one large tankard round the room with each person drinking from it in turn. To safeguard myself from further toasting, I had the inspiration of creating a little tradition of my own, and added that it was the strict rule in Britain that whoever suggested passing the loving cup was not allowed to drink from it, or indeed again for the rest of the evening.

My word was accepted without question. The cup was joyously passed again and again round the table. I was able to sit back, pleased with my new tradition, and enjoy in full the elaborate Scandinavian cooking.

Here is a recipe for herring salad

Ingredients: five boiled potatoes, five boiled carrots, four cooked beetroots, one pickled cucumber, one salted herring, one large raw onion, one cup chopped cold meat or sausage, two raw cooking apples, one hard-boiled egg.

The herring should be soaked and boned and cut into small pieces. Dice the vegetables, cucumber and apples very finely and mix in with the herring and cooked, cold meat. Mix well together and put into large serving dish, flattening the top

with a fork. Decorate with strips of carrots or beetroots and hard-boiled egg.

For the sauce: one small bottle of whipping cream, 1½ tablespoons of vinegar, one to one and a half tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of prepared mustard, half a teaspoon salt, and beetroot juice to colour.

Whip the cream and add a little beetroot juice to colour. Add the vinegar, sugar, salt and mustard.

The sauce should be poured over the salad when it is served.

poisoned Alfred, I don't know who poisoned Harold, and to cap it all I haven't the least idea now who the original murdered woman was. This Martine business seemed a perfectly safe bet. The whole thing seemed to tie up. And now what happens? The real Martine shows up and turns out, most improbably, to be the wife of Sir Robert Stoddart-West.

"So who's the woman in the barn now? Goodness knows. First I go all out on the idea she's Anna Stravinska, and then she's out of it—"

He was arrested by Miss Marple giving one of her small, peculiarly significant coughs.

"But is she?" she murmured.

Craddock stared at her. "Well, that postcard from Jamaica—"

"Yes," said Miss Marple, "but that isn't really evidence, is it? I mean, anyone can get a postcard sent from almost anywhere, I suppose."

"Yes, of course," said Craddock, staring at her. "Naturally we'd have checked that postcard, if it hadn't been for the Martine business fitting the bill so well."

"So convenient," murmured Miss Marple.

"It tied up," said Craddock. "After

all, there's the letter Emma received signed 'Martine Crackenthorpe.' Lady Stoddart-West didn't send that, but somebody did; somebody who was going to pretend to be Martine, and who was going to cash in, if possible, on being Martine. You can't deny that."

"No."

"And then, the envelope of the letter Emma wrote to her with the London address on it. Found at Rutherford Hall, showing she'd actually been there."

"But the murdered woman hadn't been there," Miss Marple pointed out. "Not in the sense you mean. She only came to Rutherford Hall after she was dead. Pushed out of a train on to the railway embankment."

"Oh—yes."

"What the envelope really proves is that the murderer was there. Presumably he took that envelope off her with her other papers and things, and then dropped it by mistake—or, I wonder now, was it a mistake? Sure'y Inspector Bacon, and your men too, made a thorough search of the place, didn't they, and didn't find it? It only turned up later in the boilerhouse."

"That's understandable," said Craddock. "The old gardener chap used

to spear up any odd stuff that was blowing about and shove it in there."

"Where it was very convenient for the boys to find," said Miss Marple thoughtfully.

"You think we were meant to find it?"

"Well—I just wonder. After all, it would be fairly easy to know where the boys were going to look next, or even to suggest to them . . . yes, I do wonder. It stopped you thinking about Anna Stravinska any more, didn't it?"

Craddock said: "And you think it really may be her all the time?"

"I think somebody may have got alarmed when you started making inquiries about her, that's all. . . . I think somebody didn't want those inquiries made."

"Let's hold on to the basic fact that somebody was going to impersonate Martine," said Craddock. "And then for some reason—didn't. Why?"

"That's a very interesting question," said Miss Marple.

"Somebody sent a wire saying Martine was going back to France, then arranged to travel down with the girl and kill her on the way. You agree so far?"

"Not exactly," said Miss Marple. "I don't think, really, you're making it simple enough."

"Simple!" exclaimed Craddock. "Tell me, do you or do you not think you know who the murdered woman was?"

Miss Marple sighed. "It's so difficult," she said, "to put it the right way. I mean, I don't know who she was, but at the same time I'm fairly sure who she was, if you know what I mean."

Craddock threw up his head. "Know what you mean? I haven't the faintest idea." He looked out through the window. "There's your Lucy Eyelesbarrow coming to see you," he said. "Well, I'll be off. My *amour propre* is very low this afternoon, and having a young woman coming in radiant with efficiency and success is more than I can bear. . . ."

Lucy said: "I looked up tontine in the dictionary." She was wandering rather aimlessly round the room, touching a china dog here, an antimacassar there, the plastic workbox in the window.

"I thought you probably would," said Miss Marple equably.

Lucy spoke slowly, quoting the words: "A form of annuity in which the shares of subscribers who die are added to the profit shares of the survivors." She paused. "That's it, isn't it? That fits well enough, and you were thinking of it even then, before the last two deaths."

She took up once more her restless, almost aimless prowling round the room. Miss Marple sat watching her.

"I suppose it was asking for it really," said Lucy. "A will of that kind, ending so that, if there was only one survivor left, he'd get the lot. And yet—there was quite a lot of money, wasn't there? You'd think it would be enough, shared out. . . ." She paused, the words trailing off.

"The trouble is," said Miss Marple, "that people are greedy. Some people."

Lucy said: "We've had three murders now: the woman who impersonated Martine and who would have been able to claim a share for her son, and then Alfred, and then Harold. And now it only leaves two, doesn't it?"

"You mean," said Miss Marple, "there are only Cedric and Emma left who might have done the murders?"

"Not Emma. Emma isn't a tall dark man. No. I mean Cedric and Bryan Eastley. I never thought of Bryan because he's fair. He's got a great fair moustache and blue eyes, but you see—the other day—"

She paused. "Yes, go on," said Miss Marple. "Tell me. Something has upset you very badly, hasn't it?"

"It was when Lady Stoddart-West was going away. She had said good-bye and then suddenly turned to me just as she was getting into the car and asked: 'Who was that tall dark

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man who was standing on the terrace as I came in?"

"I couldn't imagine who she meant at first, because Cedric was still laid up. So I said, rather puzzled: 'You don't mean Bryan Eastley?' And she said: 'Of course, that's who it was—Squadron Leader Eastley. He was hidden in our loft once in France during the Resistance. I remembered the way he stood, and the set of his shoulders.' And she said, 'I should like to meet him again,' but we couldn't find him."

Miss Marple said nothing, just waited.

"And then," said Lucy, "later I looked at him. . . . Bryan's hair is a sort of medium brown, I suppose, but it can look dark. So you see, it might have been Bryan that your friend saw in the train. It might. . . ."

"Yes," said Miss Marple. "I had thought of that."

"I suppose you think of everything."

"Well, dear, one has to, really."

"But I can't see what Bryan would get out of it. I mean the money would come to Alexander, not to him. I suppose it would make an easier life—they could have a bit more luxury—but he wouldn't be able to tap the capital for his schemes, or anything like that."

"But if anything happened to Alexander before he was twenty-one, then Bryan would get the money as

CONCEIT—3

The world tolerates conceit from those who are successful, but not from anybody else.

John Blake

his father and next of kin," Miss Marple pointed out.

Lucy cast a look of horror at her. "He'd never do *that*. No father would ever do that just—just to get the money."

"People do very terrible things," said Miss Marple. "I know a woman who poisoned three of her children just for a little bit of insurance money." She added gently: "You mustn't worry, you know. Elspeth McGillicuddy will be here any day now."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"No, dear, perhaps not. But I think it's important myself."

"I can't help worrying," said Lucy. "You see, I've got interested in the family."

"I know, dear, it's very difficult for you because you are quite strongly attracted to both of them, aren't you, in very different ways."

"What do you mean?" said Lucy. Her tone was sharp.

"I was talking about the two sons of the house," said Miss Marple. "Or rather the son and the son-in-law. It's unfortunate that the two more unpleasant members of the family have died and that the two more attractive ones are left. I can see that Cedric Crackenthorpe is very attractive. And then Mr. Eastley is a rather plaintive type, rather like an unhappy little boy. That, of course, is attractive too."

"And one of them's a murderer," said Lucy bitterly, "and it may be either of them."

"I see. . . ." said Miss Marple

thoughtfully. Then, with a quick sideways glance at Lucy, she said with a kind of verbal pounce: "But that isn't all of it, is it, dear? There's something else."

"Oh yes, there's something else. Just something that I didn't realize until just a couple of days ago. Bryan was actually on that train."

"On the four thirty-three from Paddington?"

"Yes. You see, Emma thought she was required to account for her movements on December the twentieth, and she went over it all very carefully—a committee meeting in the morning, and then shopping in the afternoon and tea at the Green Shamrock; and then, she said, *she went to meet Bryan at the station*. I worked out when she'd had tea and the times, and discovered that the train she met could have been the four thirty-three. So I asked Bryan, quite casually, and he said it was, and added that his car had had a biff and was being repaired and so he had to come down by train—an awful bore, he said; he hates trains. He seemed quite natural about it all. . . . It may be quite all right—but I wish, somehow, he hadn't been on that train. . . ."

"Actually on the train," said Miss Marple thoughtfully.

"It doesn't really prove anything. The awful thing is all this suspicion. Not to *know*. And perhaps we never shall know."

"Of course we shall know, dear," said Miss Marple briskly. "I mean—all this isn't going to stop just at this point. The one thing I *do* know about murderers is that they can never let well alone. Or perhaps one should say—ill alone."

"At any rate," she added, with finality, "they can't, once they've done a second murder. Now don't get too upset, Lucy. The police are doing all they can, and looking after everybody—and the great thing is that Elspeth McGillicuddy will be here very soon now. . . ."

MISS MARPLE said: "Now, Elspeth, you're quite clear as to what I want you to do?"

"I'm clear enough," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, "but what I say to you is, Jane, that it seems very *odd*. I mean, to arrive at the house and to ask almost immediately whether I can—er—go upstairs."

"It's very cold weather," Miss Marple pointed out, "and after all, you might have eaten something that disagreed with you and have to ask to go upstairs."

"If you'd just tell me what you're driving at."

"That's just what I don't want to do."

"How irritating you are, Jane. First you make me come all the way back to England before I need—"

"I'm sorry about that," said Miss Marple, "but I couldn't do anything else. Somebody, you see, may be killed at any moment. Oh, I know they're all on their guard, and that the police are taking all the precautions they can, but there's always the outside chance that the murderer might be too clever for them. So you see, Elspeth, it was your duty to come back. After all, you and I were brought up to do our duty."

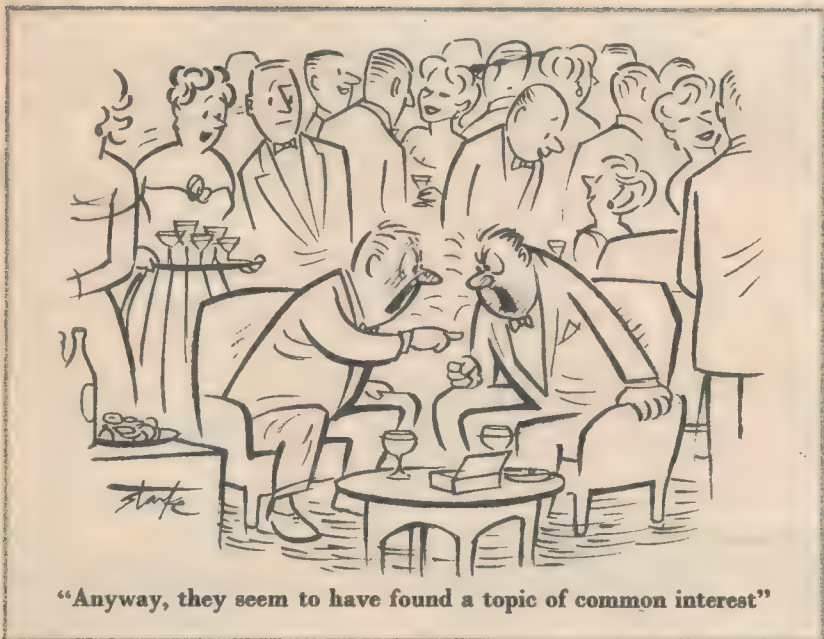
"And that's the taxi now," added Miss Marple, as a faint hoot was heard outside the house.

Mrs. McGillicuddy donned her heavy

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pepper-and-salt coat and Miss Marple wrapped herself up with a good many shawls and scarves. Then the two ladies got into the taxi and were driven to Rutherford Hall.

"Who can this be, driving up?" Emma asked, looking out of the window as the taxi swept past it. "I do believe it's Lucy's old aunt."

"What a bore," said Cedric. "Tell her you're not at home."

"When you say, tell her I'm not at home, do you mean that I should go out and say so? Or that I should tell Lucy to tell her aunt so?"

"Hadn't thought of that," said Cedric. "I suppose I was thinking of our butler and footman days, if we ever had them. I seem to remember a footman before the war."

At that moment the door was opened by Mrs. Kidder, the daily help. Miss Marple came in, very fluttery, in a whirl of shawls and scarves, with a tall, uncompromising figure behind her.

"I do hope," said Miss Marple, taking Emma's hand, "that we are not intruding. But you see, I'm going home the day after tomorrow, and I couldn't bear not to come over and see you and say goodbye and thank you again for your goodness to Lucy. Oh, I forgot. May I introduce Mrs. McGillicuddy, who is staying with me?"

"How d'you do," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, looking at Emma with complete attention and then shifting her gaze to Cedric, who had now risen to his feet. Lucy entered the room at this moment.

"Aunt Jane, I had no idea. . . ."

"I had to come and say goodbye to Miss Crackenthorpe," said Miss Marple, turning to her, "who has been so very, very kind to you, Lucy."

"It's Lucy who's been very kind to us," said Emma.

"Yes, indeed," said Cedric. "We've worked her like a galley slave. Waiting on the sick rooms, running up and down stairs, cooking invalid messes. . . ."

Miss Marple broke in. "I was so very, very sorry to hear of your illness. I do hope you're quite recovered now, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

"Oh, we're quite well again now," said Emma.

The door opened and Mr. Crackenthorpe came in, tapping angrily with his stick. "Where's tea?" he said. "Why isn't tea ready? You, girl!" he addressed Lucy. "Why haven't you brought tea in?"

"It's all ready, Mr. Crackenthorpe. I'm bringing it in now. I was just setting the table."

Lucy went out of the room again. Mr. Crackenthorpe was introduced to Miss Marple and Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"Like my meals on time," said Mr. Crackenthorpe. "Punctuality and economy. Those are my watchwords."

"Very necessary, I'm sure," said Miss Marple, "especially in these times, with taxation and everything."

Mr. Crackenthorpe snorted. "Taxation! Don't talk to me of those robbers. A miserable pauper—that's

what I am. And it's going to get worse, not better."

Lucy reappeared with a tea tray. Bryan Eastley followed her carrying a tray of sandwiches, bread and butter and cake.

"What's this? What's this?" Mr. Crackenthorpe inspected the tray. "Frosted cake? We having a party today? Nobody told me about it."

A faint flush came into Emma's face. "Doctor Quimper's coming to tea, Father. It's his birthday and—"

"Birthday?" snorted the old man, "what's he doing with a birthday? Birthdays are only for children. I never count my birthdays and I won't let anyone else celebrate them either."

MISS MARPLE was shaking hands with Bryan Eastley. "I've heard about you, of course," she said, "from Lucy. Dear me, you remind me so much of somebody I used to know at St. Mary Mead. That's the village where I've lived for so many years, you know. Ronnie Wells, the solicitor's son. Couldn't seem to settle somehow when he went into his father's business. He went out to East Africa and started a series of cargo boats on the lakes out there. What a delightful view you have from this window," she added, making her way across and looking out.

"We're rather an anachronism, I think," said Emma. "If the windows were open now, you'd hear the noise of the traffic."

"Oh, of course," said Miss Marple, "there's noise everywhere, isn't there? Even in St. Mary Mead. We're now quite close to an airfield, you know, and really, the way those jet planes fly over. Going through the sound barrier, or so I understand, though what it means I never have known."

"It's quite simple, really," said Bryan, approaching amiably. "You see, it's like this—"

Miss Marple dropped her handbag and Bryan politely picked it up. At the same moment Mrs. McGillicuddy approached Emma and murmured, in an anguished voice—the anguish was quite genuine—since Mrs. McGillicuddy deeply disliked the task which she was now performing: "I wonder—could I go upstairs for a moment?"

"Of course," said Emma.

"I'll take you," said Lucy. "About the sound barrier," said Bryan. "You see, it's like this. . . . Oh, hello, there's Quimper."

The doctor drove up in his car. He came in rubbing his hands and looking very cold. "Going to snow," he said, "that's my guess. Hallo, Emma, how are you? Good lord, what's all this?"

"We made you a birthday cake," said Emma.

"I didn't expect all this," said Quimper. "You know it's years—why, it must be, yes, sixteen years since anybody's remembered my birthday."

"Do you know Miss Marple?" Emma introduced him.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Marple, "I met Doctor Quimper here before and he

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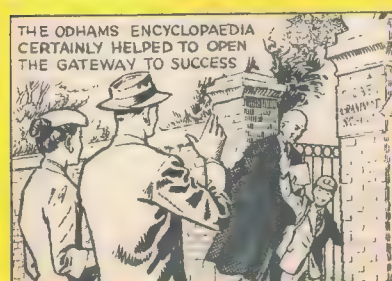
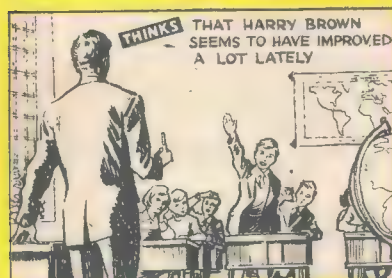
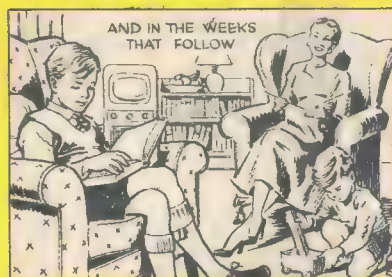
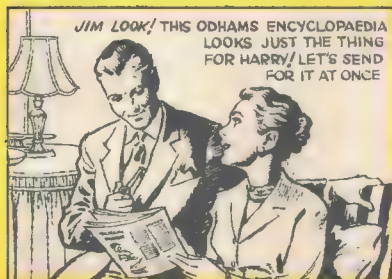
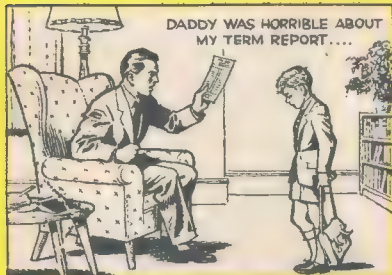
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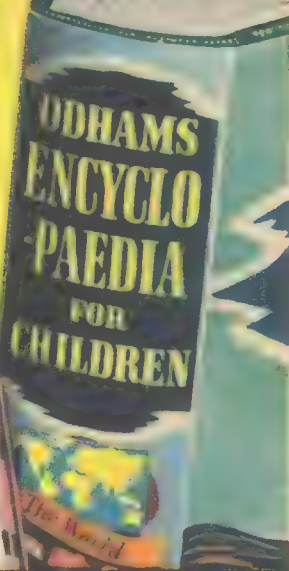
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"You haven't been to see me lately, Quimper," said Mr. Crackenthorpe. "I might be dying, for all the notice you take of me."

"I don't see you dying yet awhile," said Dr. Quimper.

"I don't mean to," said Mr. Crackenthorpe. "Come on, let's have tea. What're we waiting for?"

"Oh, please," said Miss Marple, "don't wait for my friend. She would be most upset if you did."

They sat down and started tea. Miss Marple accepted a piece of bread and butter first, and then went on to a sandwich.

"Are they—" she hesitated.

"Fish," said Bryan. "I helped make 'em."

Mr. Crackenthorpe gave a cackle of laughter. "You've got to be careful what you eat in this house," he said. "Two of my sons have been murdered like flies. Who's doing it? That's what I want to know."

"Don't let him put you off," said Cedric, handing the plate once more to Miss Marple. "A touch of arsenic improves the complexion, they say."

Miss Marple gave a gentle, ladylike little laugh and took a sandwich. She took a bite and said: "I do think it's so brave of you all to make these jokes. Yes, really, I think it's very brave indeed. I do admire bravery so much." She gave a sudden gasp and began to choke. "A fish bone," she gasped out, "in my throat."

Quimper rose quickly. He went across to her, moved her backwards towards the window and told her to open her mouth. He pulled out a case from his pocket, selecting some forceps from it. With quick professional skill he peered down the old lady's throat.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. McGillicuddy, followed by Lucy, came in. Mrs. McGillicuddy gave a sudden gasp as her eyes fell on the tableau in front of her, Miss Marple leaning back and the doctor holding her throat and tilting up her head.

"But that's him," cried Mrs. McGillicuddy. "That's the man in the train."

With incredible swiftness Miss Marple slipped from the doctor's grasp and came towards her friend.

"I thought you'd recognize him, Elspeth," she said. "No. Don't say another word." She turned triumphantly round to Dr. Quimper. "You didn't know, did you, Doctor, when you strangled that woman in the train, that somebody actually saw you do it? It was my friend here. She was in a train running parallel with yours."

"What the hell—" Dr. Quimper made a quick step towards Mrs. McGillicuddy but again Miss Marple was between him and her.

"Yes," said Miss Marple. "She saw you, and she recognizes you, and she'll swear to it in court."

"You devilish old hag," said Dr. Quimper.

He lunged forward at Miss Marple, but this time it was Cedric who caught him by the shoulder.

"So you're the murdering devil, are

WHY?



THE advertisement said: "Private Guest House: All Facilities." Mr. Garrard and his wife liked the sound of it, so he wrote booking a double room for their summer holiday. He also sent a £5 deposit.

When they arrived at the "guest house" they were very disappointed. It was built entirely of wood, and although it was in fairly good decorative order, with hot and cold water in every bedroom, it looked like a large wooden

shack. The Garrards said that they could not stay there and demanded the return of the £5 deposit. The proprietor refused, and eventually he sued Garrard in the county court for not taking up the room booking.

"But my client booked at a 'guest house,' not a glorified log cabin," said Garrard's counsel in court. "He did not get what he contracted for: therefore, he was entitled to walk out."

But Garrard lost his case.

WHY?

A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 54

you?" said Cedric as he swung him round. Bryan Eastley came quickly to Cedric's assistance. Inspector Craddock and Inspector Bacon entered the room from the farther door.

"Doctor Quimper," said Bacon, "I must caution you that—"

"You can take your caution to hell," said Dr. Quimper. "Why should I want to murder a strange woman?"

"She wasn't a strange woman," said Craddock. "She was your wife."

"So you see," said Miss Marple, "it really turned out to be, as I began to suspect, very, very simple. The simplest kind of crime. So many men seem to murder their wives."

Mrs. McGillicuddy looked at Miss Marple and Inspector Craddock. "I'd be obliged," she said, "if you'd put me a little more up to date."

"He saw a chance, you see," said Miss Marple, "of marrying a rich wife, Emma Crackenthorpe. Only he couldn't marry her because he had a wife already. They'd been separated for years but she wouldn't divorce him. That fitted in very well with what Inspector Craddock told me of this girl who called herself Anna Stravinska. She had an English husband, so she told one of her friends, and it was also said she was a very devout Catholic."

"Dr. Quimper couldn't risk marrying Emma bigamously, so, being a very ruthless and cold-blooded man, he

decided that he would get rid of his wife.

"The idea of murdering her in the train and later putting her body in the sarcophagus in the barn was really a clever one. He meant it to tie up, you see, with the Crackenthorpe family."

"Before that he'd written a letter to Emma which purported to be from the girl Martine, whom Edmund Crackenthorpe had talked of marrying. He wanted the dead woman identified as Martine. I think he may have heard

CONCEIT—4

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

John Ruskin

that inquiries were being made by the Paris police about Anna Stravinska, and so he arranged to have a postcard come from her from Jamaica.

"It was easy for him to arrange to meet his wife in London, to tell her that he hoped to be reconciled with her and that he would like her to come down and 'meet his family.'"

"We won't talk about the next part of it, which is very unpleasant to think about. Of course he was a

surprise. "My dear!" she said. "What on earth is the matter?"

"We've done it," I shouted. "Five tanks knocked out by one six-pounder. Can you beat it? Infantry never came over. The whole thing was a fiasco."

"How wonderful!" she said. "But meanwhile I've poured out your tea and it's getting cold. And I made these potted meat sandwiches specially. I don't believe you've had anything to eat all day."

In spite of everything we could do, frequent shooting continued during the second truce. We could not avoid a suspicion that the Israeli Army had been annoyed that the truce had been concluded when operations were going well for them, and that they hoped, by frequent shooting, to create an incident which would provide an excuse for a resumption of hostilities.

I well recall one of the United Nations observers, a captain in the United States Air Force, who visited one of our battalions in Jerusalem in

greedy man. When he thought about taxation, and how much it cuts into income, he began thinking that it would be nice to have a good deal more capital. He ended by administering arsenic to the family. Not too much, of course, for he didn't want old Mr. Crackenthorpe to die."

"But I still don't see how he managed," said Craddock. "He wasn't in the house when the curry was being prepared."

"Oh, but there wasn't any arsenic in the curry then," said Miss Marple. "He added it to the curry afterwards when he took it away to be tested. He probably put the arsenic in the cocktail jug earlier. Then of course it was quite easy for him, in his rôle of medical attendant, to poison off Alfred Crackenthorpe and also to send the tablets to Harold, having safeguarded himself by telling Harold that he wouldn't need any more tablets."

"A bold plan," said Craddock.

"It occurred to me, you know," continued Miss Marple, "that even if you only see anybody from the back view, so to speak, nevertheless a back view is characteristic. I thought that if Elspeth were to see Doctor Quimper in exactly the same position as she'd seen the man in the train, that is, with his back to her bent over a woman whom he was holding by the throat, then I was almost sure she would recognize him, or would make some kind of startled exclamation. That is why I had to lay my little plan with Lucy's kind assistance."

"I must say," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, "it gave me quite a turn. I said: 'That's him' before I could stop myself. And yet, you know, I hadn't actually seen the man's face and—"

"I was terribly afraid that you were going to say so, Elspeth," said Miss Marple.

"A good thing I held my tongue, then," said Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"I wasn't going to let you say another word," said Miss Marple.

Craddock laughed suddenly. "You two," he said. "You're a marvellous pair. What next, Miss Marple? What's the happy ending? What happens to Emma Crackenthorpe, for instance?"

"She'll get over the doctor, of course," said Miss Marple, "and I daresay, if her father were to die, that she'd go on a cruise or perhaps to stay abroad—and I daresay something might come of it. A nicer man than Doctor Quimper, I hope."

"What about Lucy Eyelesbarrow? Wedding bells there too?"

"Perhaps," said Miss Marple, "I shouldn't wonder."

"Which of 'em is she going to choose?" said Dermot Craddock.

"Don't you know?" said Miss Marple.

"No," said Craddock. "Do you?"

"Oh, I think so," said Miss Marple. And she smiled at him mischievously.

THE END

"4.50 From Paddington" will be published as a book by Collins on November 4 at 15s.

A soldier with the Arabs

Continued from page 19

for news of how the attack was progressing. We had received a signal telling us of its commencement, and then, as always happens in war—silence. The combatants were locked together in the smoke and dust of battle, and nobody remembered the haggard commander pacing his office. "Any signals through from Div. Headquarters?" I asked.

"No, sir. Not yet," came the reply.

I was powerless. There were no reserves which could be thrown in. Only the troops could fight it out—and the new truce was to begin at 5 p.m. At 3.30 I gave it up and went home for a cup of tea.

Whatever worries I encountered in the world, there was always the love and solace of home. My wife had laid tea under the vine pergola in our tiny

garden. I sat down, looking at the outline of the trees against the deep-blue sky. What was happening under that pall of smoke at Latrun?

The telephone bell rang in the house. I ran as fast as I could across the little garden, in by the garden door, and picked up the receiver.

"Glubb Pasha here," I said. In my heart, I added: "Oh God, let it be good news."

"This is Lash here, sir. The Jewish attack has been repulsed. Our six-pounder knocked out all their tanks."

"But what about the infantry attack?" I asked.

"Their infantry haven't attacked. They don't seem to like the look of us. Fire is slackening off now. Looks as if the show's over."

"Well done, old man!" I answered. "Give all the troops my love."

I ran out of the house, shouting: "Hurrah! Hurrah!" and did a Scottish reel on the garden path.

My wife looked up from her tea in

response to a complaint about Israelis firing on civilian vehicles. The Arab Legion battalion commander complained that the Israelis were constantly shooting, but that the foreign press always blamed the Arabs.

"The Jews are better at paper work," said the captain. "They write five protests to every one that you put in. Anyone who read only the protests would think the Arabs were always in the wrong."

"But you don't think that, do you?" inquired a young Arab officer.

"All Uno observers, you know, are neutral," said the captain slowly. He paused and lit a cigarette, then added: "But I guess some are a darned sight more neutral than others."

Before the fighting began, Abdul Rahman Pasha Azzam, Secretary of the Arab League, had promised Trans-Jordan funds up to £3,000,000, and had paid us £250,000 in cash. After the conclusion of the second truce, I asked our finance department for a

statement on the expenditure—and was taken aback to find that the £250,000 had already been expended.

When I asked the Arab League for more money my request was refused. This refusal placed us in an awkward situation. I consulted the Minister of Defence. He suggested that we should see the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister was very angry. "I warned you not to exceed your budget heads. Don't you know Finance Regulations?" he demanded. "Where am I to get the money from to pay for what you have overspent?"

Taufiq Pasha was worn out. Essentially a man of peace, hating everything military, he had been living on his nerves for three months. When he repeated: "Where am I to get the money from?" I also lost my temper.

"I suggest you deduct it from my pay," I said sarcastically.

Taufiq Pasha was furious. He drove straight to the palace to complain to the King. His Majesty poured oil on the troubled waters. It was decided that I should be given a month's leave.

In 1948, there was no direct air service from Amman to Europe, so we flew to Cairo to take an airliner for London. On arrival at Cairo airport, we were surrounded by Egyptian journalists. "Why did you betray the Arab cause?" they asked. "Why did you give Lydda and Ramle to the Jews?" . . . "Is it true that you alone were responsible for the Arab defeats?"

When we emerged from our plane in Paris we were blinded by flashlights. Journalists fought to get near us.

"Are you dismissed?" . . . "Do you expect to go back?" . . . "Is King Abdulla dissatisfied with your conduct of the operations?"

In London we thought we should be at home. It was therefore a disappointment when a detective took me on one side at the airport and asked me to register at a London hotel as "Mr. Smith."

"We have reports that Jewish terrorists are looking for you," he said. "They seem to think that you alone saved the Arabs from a complete disaster."

"I wonder if you could ask them to ring up Cairo and compare their intelligence reports," I said. "One side or the other must have got its facts wrong."

WE returned to Jordan by air on Friday, September 17. While we waited at Paris I walked up and down in front of the airport buildings. It was a dark night. A newspaper reporter walked up to me.

"May I have your comments on today's tragic event?" he asked.

"What tragic event?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard?" he replied.

"Count Bernadotte has been assassinated by Jewish terrorists."

"Sorry," I said. "I have no comments."

I walked into the airport waiting-room. I felt that I must sit down. It seemed to have turned chilly. I shivered and pulled my coat round me.

When I arrived back in Amman, the King, the Trans-Jordan government and I were anxious to know what would happen next. Count Bernadotte was the representative of the United Nations. Surely the United Nations would vent signal punishment on those who had so brutally assassinated their emissary.

But as the days passed, and nothing happened, we began to realize how utterly ineffectual and impotent Uno was. As far as we could discover, no retribution was inflicted—indeed there was scarcely criticism.

Why Israel accepted the Security Council's demand for a complete cease-fire on October 22 is not known. In a purely military direction, it seemed likely to deprive the Israeli Army of some of the fruits of victory.

We were in a somewhat uncomfortable situation. The Egyptian, Lebanese and Syrian armies were *hors de combat*. Only the Iraqi army—which had 19,000 men of all ranks—and the Arab Legion remained in the field. The Legion held a front of about one hundred miles with about



10,000 men. Financial discretion had been thrown to the winds and we had been recruiting so fast that we had nearly doubled our strength in six months. Facing us was the Israeli Army with about 120,000 men.

On November 2, there were street demonstrations in Amman. All the Arab Governments were denounced by the crowd for their failure to defeat Israel. I personally, however, came in for the largest share of denunciation. A crowd, chiefly schoolchildren, gathered outside Arab Legion Headquarters, shouting, "Down with Glubb Pasha! Liar and traitor!"

The cease-fire draft agreement between Israel and Jordan was negotiated in Rhodes. It provided that "no elements of the ground or air forces of either party would advance beyond or pass over the line now held." The Jordan Government expressed its readiness to sign such an agreement. The Israeli delegation signed on March 11, 1949—by which time the Israeli army had advanced to the Gulf of Aqaba.

The armistice agreement did not, as had been hoped, bring peace. Long years of shooting, uncertainty, death and disorder still lay before us.

In the face of repeated border incidents, we issued ten rifles to every village within three miles of the demarcation line. Arab Legion n.c.o.s were posted in the villages to train the people to shoot, to teach them to post sentries and organize patrols.

The Israelis then increased the strength of their raids. They began to use platoons of twenty or twenty-five men, and to employ military tactics and covering fire. The ten rifles per village were no longer enough. Twenty rifles per village were issued.

One day in July, 1951, just before sunset, I arrived at Kolundia, the airport of Jerusalem, where an aircraft was waiting to fly me to Amman. The pilot accosted me anxiously.

"Have you heard the news, sir?"

"No," I said cheerfully. "What now?"

"Riyadh al Sulh, the former Prime

Minister of Lebanon, was in Amman this morning to see the King. Driving back to Amman airport he was murdered. It was only two hours ago."

In Amman! It was the first time a major political murder had occurred in Jordan. I flew back with a feeling of foreboding and anxiety.

In Amman there was consternation. Riyadh al Sulh had been the King's guest. As he drove to the airport, preceded by a police car, another car had overtaken him. Several men armed with sub-machine guns had fired from the windows of the second car. All the murderers except one were either in custody or dead. There was one mitigating factor—the assailants were Lebanese, not Jordanians. They had followed their victim to Amman. . . .

On Thursday, July 19, the King was due to take a parade of the Arab Legion Air Force. Four new Jordanian pilots who had qualified were to be presented by him with their wings.

That morning the King received an anonymous letter, telling him that both he and I were to be murdered. I had been instructed to report to the palace and accompany the King to the airfield. When I arrived at the palace, he handed me the letter.

I drove to the airport in the King's car. Curiously enough, as we drove past the camp of the Arab Legion Base M.T. Company, an n.c.o. stepped out and pulled the camp's flag down to half-mast. The King pointed the n.c.o. out to me and laughed.

"He thinks he's in the navy, where they salute by hauling down their flag," he said.

Twenty-four hours later when I passed that spot again, the flag was at half-mast with reason. . . .

The parade, though on a very small scale, was very well done. The King was cheerful. We had lunch in a hangar, and then he took off for Jerusalem where he was to sleep the night. He was devoted to Jerusalem, and loved to pray in the Great Mosque there on Fridays. On Friday morning he drove to Nablus to pass the time, as the service in the Great Mosque was not until noon. He drank coffee with the mayor of Nablus and sat talking. The mayor looked at his watch.

"There is scarcely time to get back to Jerusalem for prayers, sir," he said. "Why do you not say your prayers here in our mosque today?"

But the King firmly declined.

Ever since the murder of Riyadh al Sulh three days before, I had felt tense and anxious. I had sent Colonel Habis Majali with the King, and had told him to be on the alert, especially at prayers in the Great Mosque. I

thought of telephoning the Commandant of Police in Jerusalem to urge him also to be particularly careful, but I restrained myself. "They all know their jobs," I thought. "I must not be fussy."

As it was Friday I dressed in plain clothes and went down with my wife and the children to the bookshop in Amman. Miss Halebi, the part-owner of the shop, greeted my wife. They began talking, and Miss Halebi said something about people dying. My wife suddenly felt an indescribable sensation of horror. It was twelve o'clock.

We wandered from the bookshop up a side street to a toyshop. Our children were looking at toys when a policeman dashed in, breathless.

"Sir," he said, "Muhamad Beg is looking for you."

Suddenly I saw Muhamad Beg Suhaimat with a scared face, running along the footpath. "Where is the Pasha?" he called wildly. When he saw me, he came to me quickly.

"An attack has been made on Our Lord," he gasped. "The Prime Minister wants you at his house."

We ran to a car and jumped in. Muhamad Beg was still gasping for breath. "I was listening to the broadcast of the prayers from the mosque," he panted. "The reader was reading the Koran. Then suddenly I heard *tac-tac-tac*—a succession of shots. Somebody called out 'Our Lord'—but I thought perhaps nothing had happened, for the Koran reader went on reading. Then the telephone rang, and the operator told me that the Prime Minister wants Glubb Pasha at once."

THE car threaded through the traffic and raced up the hill on which the Prime Minister's house was situated. I jumped out at the gate and ran up the garden path and on to the veranda, praying again and again: "Oh, God! Let the King be safe."

In the entrance hall, several ministers were standing, all weeping openly. The Prime Minister—Sameer Pasha, who had succeeded Taufiq Pasha—stepped towards me. "Our Lord is gone," he sobbed. "Call out the army and move troops into the town. There may be a revolution. . . ."

I was too stunned to weep.

The King had entered the vast courtyard of the Great Mosque of Jerusalem a little before twelve. It was packed with thousands of people, as was usual for the noon prayer on Friday. The people opened a narrow lane down which the King walked, with the dense crowd hedging him in on every side. He loved talking to his subjects, and stopped several times to speak to people he recognized.

Colonel Habis and the escort surrounded him and tried to hold back the crowd; but the King turned half-irritably. "Don't imprison me," he said.

As the party drew near to the door of the mosque, Habis and the escort again tried to surround the King, who repeated with increased vehemence: "Don't imprison me!"

The King accordingly stepped across the threshold first, with all the escort behind him. The old sheikh of the mosque, a venerable ecclesiastic with a long white beard, stepped forward to kiss his hand.

At that instant, a man stepped out from behind the massive door of the mosque and found himself beside the King and only a yard from him. He presented a pistol and fired at King Abdulla's head at a few inches' range. The bullet entered behind his ear and emerged from his eye. The King fell dead, his white turban rolling away across the marble floor.

The murderer fired wildly right and left, as the escort dashed forward and shot him dead in his turn.

What, I wondered, did the future hold for Jordan—or the Arab Legion? King Abdulla had ruled firmly and wisely. But his eldest son, the Amir Tellal, who was heir to the throne, was a sick man. He was in a mental hospital in Switzerland.

NEXT WEEK: Tragedy—then the boy king Hussein comes to power

WHY? See page 53

BECAUSE, said the judge, a guest house is a house in which guests are entertained on a paying basis. The *Concise Oxford English Dictionary* defines a house as "a building for human habitation" and this structure was a "house" within that definition. (This verdict is based on actual cases)

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 6d. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL, dated December 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 23, for early news of Bullets No. 2,115 result.)

World In A Fog
Christmas Shopping
At The Westminster Gas-works
Mass Destruction
Dollars—Pounds—Francs
The Old Bear
Upset The Landlord
Blow For The Sheik
Looks Hopeful
Like A Lot Of Kids
In Life's December
A Trump Card
Given The Works
Mother's Battle
As The Light Grows Dim
Always With Us
Half The Population
Overwhelmed
Another Bust-up
In Spite Of Television

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

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Painful.....
Makes Me.....
When They Got To The.....
With A Silly.....

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Example: Money For Woomera

Bullet: Nevada, Siberia—But Utopia?

£25: G. Moor, 9 Gibson Wood Cottages, Hardcastle Crags, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire: BRAVO, RUSSIA—FOR "KICK-OFF"—BUT "GOAL"?
£10: Miss M. C. Holmes, 104 Broadway, Walsall, Staffs: IN THE SERVICE OF MAN—POWER "HARNESSED"—POWERS "TEAMED"?
OTHER AWARDS: £9: C. A. Kellam, 27 St. Clements Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea: SOARING TO STARDOM—OVER—TOUGHER TO "HOVER"?
£8: Mrs. P. Martin, 37 Otterview Terrace, Badleigh Salterton: BULGING WITH SECRETS—TINY SPHERE—WEST, "CRYSTAL-GAZING"?
£7: Mrs. M. Wilson, 191 Cornock Street, Glasgow: LEFT THE CLIPPING BEHIND—DRIVER—SAW ME RUNNING!
£6: L. Grundy, 88 Leigh Road, Eastleigh, Hants: ONE IN A THOUSAND—ROAD ACCIDENTS—WHOLLY ACCIDENTAL?
£5: Mrs. H. Goodall, Horsley Lane, Eccleshall, Stafford: IN THE SERVICE OF MAN—IN SERVANTLESS MANSION—VICAR.
£4: W. Jacobs, 5 Bishopham Drive, Meols, Wirral, Cheshire: STRAW IN THE WIND—OF GRANDPA'S TROMBONE—BATON!
£3: N. J. Sullivan, 79 Salutation Road, Dartington: OLD SOUR-PUSS—BUT MIAOW "OPENS DOOR"?
1,610 other awards have also been posted. £700 Tournament Award (for the best First Prize Bullet of Contests 2,103 to 2,110) won by Mrs. G. J. Eiborn, 4 Southhouse Road, Edinburgh.

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MON., NOV. 11

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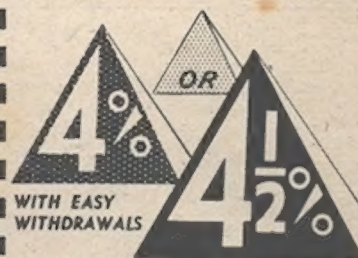
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